





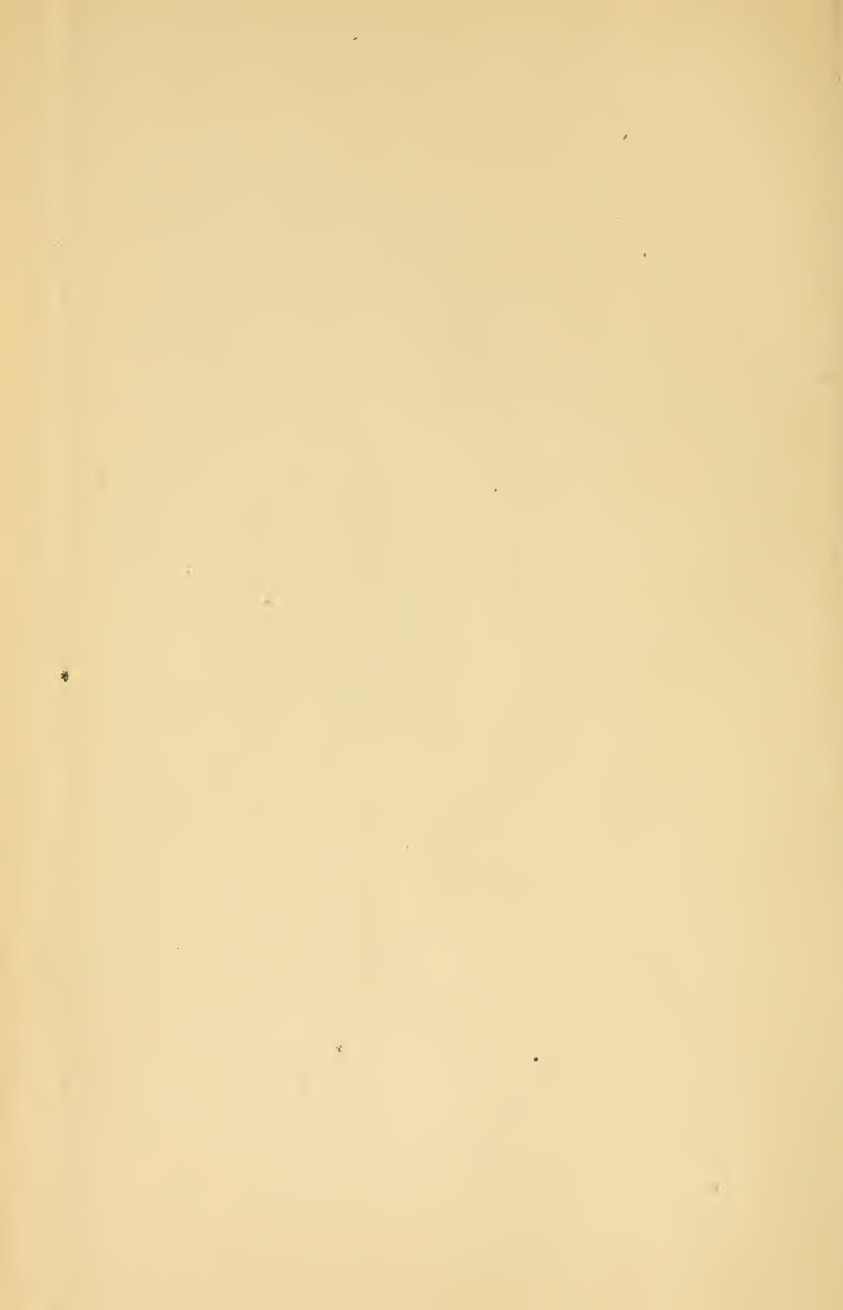
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# THE SINGING HEART



# THE SINGING HEART

BY  
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*To her who went with me life's journey long,  
Cheered all life's rugged road with courage strong,  
I dedicate in tenderest memory  
This wreath fresh-woven of a full heart's song.*



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# THE SINGING HEART

## OVERTURE

GO, *Heart of Truth*, go, *Heart of Love*,  
    *Into a waiting world of beauty*,  
*Where steadfast Truth may ever prove*  
    *Herself best comrade is of Duty*;  
*And may she come along with me*,  
    *Rich blessing of her guidance bringing*,  
*That notes of her sincerity*  
    *Be heard through my faint numbers ringing.*

O *Heart of Truth*, O *Heart of Love*,  
    *So constant through long course of ages! —*  
*Love's praise, all other praise above*,  
    *Shows fair upon the Muses' pages; —*  
*May both your gracious presence lend*  
    *Through what is left as Life's to-morrow*,  
*Keep with my own heart to the end*,  
    *Join in its songs of joy and sorrow!*



## THE SINGING HEART

**I**F only it were given us to know  
That little world for which the singing bird  
Makes melody, and it were ordered so  
That we could understand the notes we heard,  
Then might we comprehend  
To what remoter end  
Was given to us the unity of music and of word.

The little ones beneath the mother's wing  
By linnet's song are softly soothed to rest,  
A world is hushed to hear the linnet sing  
Besides the fledglings slumbering in the nest  
And some one stops to hear  
That song of happy cheer,  
To find his heart relieved of care by which it  
was oppressed.

If song of happy bird so soft and low, —  
A song that's careless of directing art —  
Has that sweet grace of sympathy to go  
So far from blameless life of bird apart,  
Here may it dwell with me  
In perfect harmony  
With strains of soft delight that well up from  
the singing heart.

## INVOCATION

GO, Heart, when wakes at morning bright  
The World to conscious being!  
Go, Heart, and share the World's delight  
To watch the shadows fleeing!  
Behold with rapture-flooded eyes  
The sun in gorgeous splendor rise  
Into full glory of the skies! —  
Dear Heart, be glad with seeing,  
With Nature's heart agreeing!

Go, Heart, when thrushes call elate,  
At royal Day's appearing!  
Go, Heart, when veery sings his mate  
In simple notes endearing! —  
List how the woods around us ring  
With songs these happy minstrels sing,  
What joy do beams of morning bring! —  
Dear Heart, be glad with hearing  
What Nature's heart is cheering!

## BIRTH OF SONG

WHEN heavenly planets by the Primal Force  
At first were ordered into empty space,  
They entered gladly on the appointed course  
Their orbits' pathway evermore to trace;  
And as each took its place  
To mark the passing of unreckoned years,  
The change of seasons as these come and go,  
The time when Summer in her pride appears  
And Winter regal in his robes of snow,  
They fixed the numbers so  
That Nature keeps her course with rhythmic  
flow.

There were so many of that heavenly host! —  
Enough of them to fill infinity, —  
And yet as each went singing to his post  
Their several voices did so well agree  
There was full harmony  
That should remain unbroken through all time,  
Through all the movements of that countless  
throng,  
Repeat the mellow cadences of rhyme  
And blend the feebler measures with the strong  
So these might keep along  
Together in rich melody of song.

## CAROL OF THE HEART

ABOVE the din of crowded street,  
Loud roar of traffic through the day,  
Above the sound of hurrying feet,  
Of rumbling wheels along the way,  
Above the chatter of the gay  
And idle throng, — of gossips old  
That sit and shiver in the cold, —  
Of bargainers in busy mart;  
Above them all a song is heard,  
A song without one spoken word,  
The song that's singing in the heart.

It may be that a childish voice  
In merry tone is singing there,  
It may be that our souls rejoice  
To see a face that's young and fair,  
As yet unmarked by any care  
Such as do older looks reveal  
And such as our own spirits feel  
When we are overborne in part,  
And only keep our feelings young  
By listening to the music sung,  
A low sweet carol of the heart.

## A THOUGHT

ONLY one single thought,  
One happy thought  
Out of the stores of memory brought,  
A thought so precious of itself that all the rest  
were nought;

Of one dear soul alone  
That left alone  
The shadowy, far-off unknown,  
And in its flight across this life joined sweetly  
with my own.

A soul that on its way,  
Its quiet way,  
Was calm as is the summer's day,  
Content to take the upward road or in the vale  
to stay.

And now within the gate,  
The pearly gate  
That closes on all soon or late,  
I think that soul with blessèd thought of me is  
fain to wait.

## GOOD CHEER

THE songs that in the fields and woods we hear  
Ringing a tuneful melody so clear  
Through all the long, long year,  
Are full of hearty cheer.

There is no note of sadness when for me  
The song-sparrow, hid in the hedgerow tree,  
Rehearses merrily  
Her simple melody.

The robin keeps on singing in the rain,  
Nor does he of the chilliness complain;  
He tells us in his strain  
The sun will come again.

So in the song of chickadee are told  
The peace and comfort of December's cold;  
The frost-bands cannot hold  
A spirit half so bold.

To heart that is to heart of Nature near,  
Of him who is accustomed to revere,  
Do Nature's songs appear  
O'erflowing with good cheer.

## FLOWER OF SONG

THE fairest flowers of Nature's gentle brood  
Ask not for any care of gardener's hand,  
But in the friendly sheltering of the wood,  
Chance-sown and overlooked, they shyly stand  
And look out on the world some April day,  
A world just waking from a slumbering long,  
These find all things about them glad as they  
To hearken to the blackbirds' April song.  
Pure as their winter coverlet has been  
Pale delicate anemones  
Swing in the breeze  
Beneath the snow-white birches budded green.

Song needs as little of the singer's art  
As need anemones the gardener's care,  
Such songs as burgeon from the singer's heart  
Themselves are typical of beauty there;  
The solitary spinner at her wheel  
Sings to herself a measure sung of yore,  
The tender cadences of voice reveal  
Some part of life that will be lived no more;  
But such the magic power of simple truth  
That let the spinner's song be heard  
In note or word  
It wakes responsive chord in age or youth.

## HEART'S CONTENT

**M**EN push their shallops off the shore  
And spread their sails new kingdoms to discover;  
Much having, but yet wanting more,  
Not realizing that Desire,  
When it has led their quest all oceans over,  
Would scorn the world's empire; —  
Would come at last to care  
So little these adventurous paths to dare;  
Vain efforts having spent,  
Make sheltering port at last, with resting-place  
content.

The final blessing of our lives  
Being content, his fortune is the greatest  
Who soonest at that goal arrives; —  
'Tis not so much from adverse gales  
Another comes into the harbor latest  
As how he trims his sails; —  
Who seeks a land remote  
Must count on being for long time afloat,  
But who will be content  
At home shall stay and have his blessing promptly  
sent.



## IDLE SONGS

**T**HE idle singer of an idle song  
Goes musingly along  
Where centuries before  
Went singing so the idle troubadour.

As fledgling swallows leave their native nest  
Songs flutter from his breast,  
Take their adventurous flight  
Careless of praise, — careless as well of slight;

But he, the singer, hopes his song may meet  
Some heart that's warm to greet  
The wanderer, bid it come  
Beneath the shelter of a loving home;

There entertain with cheerful fire and rest  
The stranger as a guest,  
And, asking for its name,  
Learn from whose heart the simple music came.

So shall the idle songs that now we hear  
Sing on from year to year,  
And from the joy they give  
The memory of the singing heart shall live.

## UNMENTIONED DEEDS

WHO on the page of History reads  
Of victories by Valor won,  
Should call to mind unmentioned deeds  
Of kindness that the World has done;  
These have no record cut in stone,  
No blazonry of shining gold,  
To classic art have not been known,  
Nor yet with eloquence been told.

These unrecorded acts of men  
To help their fellow-men along,  
Well worthy of the poet's pen,  
Well worthy of the praise of song; —  
Let these small actions be the theme  
Of which my Muse would sing to-day,  
And may these simple numbers seem  
A slender tribute I would pay.

The World forgets, or never learns  
What ministries the poor man bless,  
How ready is the heart to turn  
To other hearts when in distress;  
What comfort in a soothing tone  
Heard in a season of despair!  
A sentiment of pity shown  
At once makes all our living fair.

## FROM AGE TO AGE

FACE to face the reader stands  
With the author in his hands,  
On that open page appears  
Smile of Joy and Sorrow's tears.

As a far mirage it seems  
Or dim vision of his dreams,  
Somewhat like that image given  
By still waters unto heaven.

Looking on that silent word,  
Language of mute lips is heard;  
Now the page grows eloquent  
Of the master thought was meant;

Of high purpose bold and strong  
Right to shield, to banish wrong;  
Of a heart was warm and kind,  
Of an ever-living mind.

Thus it is we come to know  
Him who wrote so long ago  
Better than the friends are near,  
Living words of whom we hear.

## WHY SING?

WHY sing? — Go ask the sparrow's mate  
Who singeth all day long,  
Who hath no means to celebrate  
His happiness but song;  
He sings for only one to hear  
The music of his voice,  
Yet there are scores of others near  
That in his song rejoice.

That gift of sweetness is from Heaven, —  
Gift of surpassing worth —  
And as it was in measure given  
It is again poured forth.  
The sparrow is the harp — no more —  
On which a Hand is laid,  
As by the reed on river shore  
A melody is made.

The sparrow sings unconsciously  
From impulse of the heart,  
But yet his singing brings to me  
Of mine the better part;  
So to my lips the song will spring  
Unbidden and unsought; —  
Who asks of me wherefore I sing  
Would better ask, Why not?

## THE STRICKEN HEART

SONG is not of the voice alone,  
Nor is it wholly for the ear,  
It lives not in the word or tone,  
Not in the melody we hear;  
What leaves the lips with liquid flow  
Is of the song the minor part,  
What those who listen cannot know  
Abides within the singing heart.

The water running from the hill  
Gives music only when it falls,  
The ledges all around are still  
And silent save when echo calls;  
It takes the hammer-stroke to bring  
The music from the anvil's breast,  
So closely do sweet concords cling  
To native sources while at rest.

The tempered steel has richer tone  
Than iron mass as yet unwrought,  
The soul that has keen sorrow known  
Lives in a purer air of thought;  
So is it that the stricken heart  
Yields what is rhythmically fair,  
Yet all its song is but a part  
Of that sweet music harbored there.

## WHERE SONG BEGINS

**H**OW shall one find the origin of song,  
How trace it to what puts the air in motion,  
Detect the pulse that sends the note along  
And feel it throbbing with intense devotion?  
Can we divine the pleasure  
That gives its rhythmic measure  
To song of wood thrush musically falling?  
Or can we know what feeling  
Is voice of bird revealing  
When to its near-by mate 'tis softly calling?

We feel while listening to thrush's note  
Our souls upborne on wings of adoration,  
May it not be the wood thrush tunes its throat  
To some remote, diviner inspiration?  
It may be there is ringing  
In thrush's vesper singing  
Some joy our thought has not yet overtaken,  
A harmony of numbers  
That soothes her young to slumbers  
Yet comes to us with power our souls to waken.

## WHERE SONG ENDS

**I**N stillness of a summer afternoon  
When hushed is all of Nature's happy chorus,  
The dozing bird forgets her gentle croon,  
But yet the pines repeat their music o'er us;  
There are no breezes blowing,  
No waving pine boughs showing  
That anything in nature sympathizes;  
We know the whispered sweetness  
Is in the full completeness  
Of harmony composed of lost surprises.

It may be in the song we try to sing,  
It may be in the song of thrush or linnet,  
That round a thought of summer there will cling  
A mystery of the pine tops living in it;  
In memory unfading  
The realm of song invading,  
That whispered monotone can perish never;  
If there be aught immortal  
Outside of Heaven's portal  
It is the note that's least regarded ever.

## SONGS OF THE HEART

**I**T lingers long  
Among remembered things of old,  
In the sweet melody of song,  
The sweetness of what never yet was told.

Within the heart  
That still the sacred past doth hold,  
Remains to-day the better part  
Of what was treasured as a prize of old.

Dear memories  
Still waken with the pulsing strings;  
And all their music's burden is  
The beauty and the joy that Memory brings.

Love dwells apart,  
The common things of life above;  
Above the wishes of the heart,  
Within the quiet hermitage of Love;

And there Love stays  
With patient feet and folded wings,  
Giving to Constancy all praise,  
And making songs the heart forever sings.



## SOURCE OF SONG

SING thou to me, shy little bird  
Close hiding in the hedgerow near,  
The sweetest song was ever heard  
To fall upon the enchanted ear!  
Sing thou to me that I may know  
The secret mystery of thine art,  
May have this one truth proven so,  
The source of song is from the heart!

Sing thou to me thy simple strain  
Of goodwill and of hearty cheer,  
That song sung o'er and o'er again  
For one that loves thy voice to hear!  
Sing thou to me, and so will I  
Drink draughts of woodland music sweet,  
And on a slender reed will try  
Those liquid numbers to repeat!

Sing thou to me, that I may hear  
What charms the spirit of the wood,  
Makes for itself a little sphere  
Of melody in solitude!  
And I will haunt this magic ring,  
Will listen to thy music long  
To hear the inspired minstrel sing  
That from the heart is source of song.

## STOUT HEART

“**S**TOUT heart to brae that’s steep,”  
The old Scotch proverb says,  
Stout heart must worn wayfarer keep  
On dry and dusty ways,  
When do long summer days  
Wear out the weary feet,  
When, pitiless, the burning heat  
On Nature silence lays.

Stout heart to northern blast,  
To wintry winds that blow,  
When skies above are overcast  
And fields are white below  
With blanketing of snow; —  
When kedge and cable fail,  
Ships run to sea before the gale; —  
Hearts are not frightened so.

Stout heart to breast the hills,  
To face the tempest’s rage,  
With fortitude to bear life’s ills,  
Infirmities of age;  
A vigorous war to wage  
Against embattled wrong,  
And in the worthy cause of Song  
Most loyally engage.

## LIFE'S LITANIES

ACROSS the dark pine-wooded hills  
Between me and the belfry tower,  
Across the meadows and their rills  
I used to hear at service hour  
On quiet Sabbath days  
The call to prayer and praise, —  
A pulsing of the air that thrills  
The soul with magic power.

I have not heard that swelling peal  
Ring out above the meads and meres  
Since Fate has led, for woe or weal,  
Far from my home of early years;  
But still on silent ways  
Of quiet Sabbath days  
The memory of that bell will steal  
To the fountain-head of tears.

I hear it sounding soft and low  
With murmuring of the pine-wood trees, —  
That distant Sabbath bell as though  
It were in harmony with these; —  
Those overtones still chime  
As measured words in rhyme,  
And, blending in the memory so,  
Repeat life's litanies.

## WITH HAPPY HEART

O SONG that with a happy heart,  
That with a sweet, a winsome voice,  
Comes down the street and through the mart  
To bid a weary world rejoice! —  
O Song with gladness in your eye,  
And on your lip the word of truth,  
We watch your phantom form go by  
As vision of immortal Youth! —  
We wonder at your happy heart,  
Are charmed by that enchanting voice.

O Song that wanders down the lane  
With light of morning, pilgrim-wise,  
That chimes in with the happy strain  
Of larks that from the meadow rise! —  
O Song with beauty in your soul,  
Deep tenderness within your heart,  
We listen till we hear the whole  
Of what our song is but a part,  
And find this strolling down the lane  
Is but a sauntering pilgrim-wise.

## STREAM OF SONG

FROM brimming fountain fed by winter snows  
Through summer drought when pansies wilt  
and wither,  
Fresh mountain streamlet through the meadow  
goes  
Its winding way as if not caring whither,  
And in its course it brings  
From depth of rocky springs  
Refreshing coolness to the drooping flowers;  
Beneath deep slumberous shade  
By leaning alders made  
It dreams away long drowsy noontide hours.

From off the highest pinnacles of thought  
Comes trickling down a stream of vagrant  
fancies,  
Into our life a freshening is brought  
As mountain coolness comes to fainting pansies;  
There do they bide a while,  
Our wandering thoughts beguile,  
In eddying currents for long time they linger;  
In choral movement so  
Will they to rhythm flow  
And cheer the heavy heart with song of singer.

## TIME AND PLACE

WHEN do the angels come to me?  
Whenever I see  
Lilies unfolding in purity;  
    When in the fair face  
    Of a child, its innocent thought I trace;  
Or its hand I feel  
Into my own hand trustingly steal;  
    For well do I know  
    That only an angel would love me so.

Where do I with the angels meet?  
Where violets sweet  
Look up from the grasses about my feet;  
    Where, walking alone,  
    The song of the wild bird becomes my own;  
Or on crowded street  
Do the kindly voices of comrades greet;  
    And these must all be  
    Of angels a goodly company.

## THE DORIAN STRAIN

WHAT lip shall breathe again  
To Dorian pipe the simple Dorian strain  
That taught wild echoes of the wooded dell  
What speech must fail to tell,  
And what must Art alone strive for in vain?

What singer will essay  
To give to melody thoughts of to-day,  
Thoughts of the market, of the quoted price  
Of watered stocks — of ice?  
Whereto frown Muses with emphatic "Nay."

The world has lost all zest  
For that which to its youth appeared the best;  
To-day to antiquated page belong  
The happiest strains of song  
That to Apollo ever were addressed.

When will the Fates once more  
Bring back the healthier appetite of yore,  
Give to mankind the relish of its youth  
For just the simple truth,  
To life the rhythm of the years restore?

## HAPPY-HEARTED

AS the lark upon the wing,  
As the robin on the tree,  
All the happy-hearted sing  
Songs of simple melody  
Just as sweet as these may be.

As the song of early prime  
Greets the glad incoming day  
So the song of evening time  
Tells that hearts are light and gay,  
Nowise weary of the way.

In the measure of the song  
We can trace the happy mood  
Ruling all the summer long  
In the orchard, in the wood,  
Sung for mate and sung for brood.

So the happy-hearted sing  
To my faithful memory  
As the lark upon the wing,  
As the robin on the tree  
Sang all summer long to me.



## MISSION OF SONG

LET poets in fair words express  
The pictured beauty of their dreams,  
And let sweet notes of music dress  
Those forms in color that beseems;  
Then shall the ear,  
Enchanted, hear  
What beauty and what grace it brings,  
The voice of minstrel bard who sings  
The praise of that pure loveliness  
Revealed to him in passing gleams.

Let poets sing of sword and shield  
With words of praise as they can find,  
Rehearse brave deeds on battle-field,  
Proclaim proud triumphs of the mind; —  
We listen yet  
Cannot forget  
Some sunny thought in song may bless  
Poor aching hearts with happiness;  
The poet's art its best will yield  
When it is practised for mankind.

## HEART-HUSBANDRY

OUR hearts are stored with memories  
Kept sacred through so many years,  
With tender thoughts that rest with these,  
Too fond for words, too deep for tears;  
Their preciousness is many fold  
What wealth of silver and of gold  
Did miser's coffers ever hold.

These choicest treasures of the heart  
Are from its keeping never lost;  
With them will owner never part,  
They're garnered at too great a cost; —  
They're thoughts of those were very dear,  
Unto our hearts were very near,  
And now — and now — but memory here.

Life brings no harvest from its toil  
More heavy than its yield of grief,  
Affection is a fruitful soil  
That bears of sorrows many a sheaf; —  
This reaping of heart-husbandry  
Our sole *viaticum* shall be  
While faring to Eternity.

## THE HEART'S HARVEST

THE heart, — what harvest does it yield  
Of simple joys from year to year?  
Its sunward-looking slopes a field  
Of untold fruitfulness appear; —  
In ripening ear  
Of the heart's harvest is revealed  
Full mystery of our being here.

They have no season of their own,  
The sowing and the garnering,  
Whenever is a kindness sown  
Increase a hundred fold will spring; —  
All seasons bring  
To reaper's sickle what has grown  
And ripened unto harvesting.

No biting cold of winter there,  
No beating of the frozen hail;  
Those sunlit slopes forever wear  
Fresh burden for the thresher's flail;  
On hill and dale  
Of the heart's country everywhere  
Love's harvest home shall never fail.

## LIFE'S RAIN-SONG

WHEN noonday sun is shining brightly  
On flashing streams and blossoming meadows,  
When wanton winds are racing lightly  
Over the hills with swift cloud shadows;  
Then in the low-grown alder bushes  
The peacefulness of Nature hushes  
Melodious voices of the thrushes,  
Their service song is then suspended.

But let the heavens be overclouded,  
And let the summer rain be falling,  
Let hills in veil of mist be shrouded,  
The yaffel from his ash tree calling;  
Then will go on the thrushes' singing,  
Through all the noontide hours ringing,  
Unto the temple service bringing  
Their choral song that is unended.

So is it when our feet are weary,  
And up-hill lies the way before us;  
When all the scene around is dreary,  
And heavy hang the heavens o'er us;  
When eyes downcast and dim are tearful,  
When thoughts of daily cares are fearful,  
Then is the singing heart yet cheerful  
By rain-song of our tears attended.

## TO MY HAPPY HEART

**T**O my happy heart I sing an idle song,  
Singing to my comrade all the way,  
As my heart and I go thoughtfully along  
Cheering each the other all the day,  
Singing now of champions adventurous and strong,  
Singing now of minstrels light and gay.

When across the meadows we are going hand in  
hand,  
Then we both are silent from our joy,  
Round about us lilies in their beauty stand,  
Coming through the daisies are a girl and boy,  
Oh, the charm of youth and the charm of sunny  
land  
When the sun is bold and violets are coy!

There we go together beneath a sunny sky,  
Cheering each the other all the while;  
Heart is strong the journey in all its length to try  
Though my feet should falter in a mile;  
And when my braver comrade shall turn to say,  
"Good-bye,"  
It will be the words are spoken with a smile.

## SONG OF THE HUMAN

A SONG of merry cheer  
Full of light-hearted mirth and gay,  
Of children happy in their play;  
A song to charm the listening ear  
Of God or man to hear.

A song of faith and trust,  
Of youth's unbounded confidence  
In Heaven's o'erruling providence  
To save the righteous cause and just  
Out from the battle's dust.

A song of courage high,  
Of readiness to face the foe,  
To ward the thrust, to deal the blow,  
Of resolution not to fly,  
To conquer or to die.

A song of victory won,  
Of right defended on the field,  
Of honor saved with dinted shield,  
With torch alight the long course run,  
All of life's duty done.

## LIFE'S WEAVING

OUR human feelings blend,  
The seasons that are glad  
Have comrades that are sad; —  
Sorrow abides with Joy unto the end.

The happy moments pass  
So hurriedly away  
When we would have them stay! —  
The hours unhappy are slow-paced, alas!

Pleasure stands next to Pain,  
And victory is at cost  
Of a field that has been lost;  
Triumph involves defeat, loss goes with gain.

So is it one must see  
The web of life is wide,  
There is the figured side  
And its reverse crude as in tapestry.

It is for us to weave  
After the rich design  
Traced by the Hand Divine,  
And to the World a finished fabric leave.

## THE HEART'S FIDELITY

ONE name seems doomed to oblivion,  
Another seems given to Fame;  
But after the labors of life are all done,  
The wearisome course of the years has been run,  
The long struggle ended, the victory won,  
Then the two have ended the same.

The one has a quiet obscurity found  
In a heart that is tender and true,  
The other, with praise of the populace crowned,  
Has been carried all of the wide world around,  
On mortal lips has been heard to resound  
The ranks of the people through.

But Love, the undying, will never release  
What treasures the heart may hold,  
And when the pulses of life shall cease,  
The years to their ultimate limit increase,  
There yet will remain in that chamber of peace  
The name that was dear of old.



## THE SONG-SAILOR

HE is a sailor from the first,  
His boat launched on a sea of dreams,  
His travel-longing is a thirst  
That never can be quenched, it seems;  
He sails at once into the light  
That brings the morning on its way,  
The tender watchfulness of night,  
The smiling cheerfulness of day.

He later sails into the west  
Sweet magic of its charm to learn,  
Find where the day goes to its rest,  
Where evening's vestal fires burn;  
The splendor of the painted skies,  
Rich purple shadows on the shore  
Show what a wealth of beauty lies  
His light, adventurous craft before.

Day after day, year after year  
His course is laid by stars are true,  
From time to time fair isles appear  
Fresh as if bathed in morning dew;  
Thus sailing on time's ocean vast,  
When all life's voyaging is done,  
His shallop frail shall come at last  
Where morn and eventide are one.

## CHILD OF NATURE

O H, heart of nature, heart of boy  
How closely are related!  
When one is bubbling o'er with joy  
The other is elated;  
There is no creature, low or high,  
Can run or jump, can creep or fly,  
That can escape the lad's quick eye,  
But though he use it as a toy  
So is he educated.

The cloud moves slowly o'er the skies,  
Below, its shadow follows  
As that of some great eagle flies  
Across the hills and hollows; —  
The boy looks on, his fancy goes  
Where flies the cloud, where water flows,  
Nor any rest nor halting knows  
Until it wakens with surprise  
In the winterland of swallows.

## SONG VARIATIONS

THE Muses will not always bring  
What I beseech them to repeat,  
And when I would of triumph sing  
The song is rather of defeat;  
Although the singing heart be glad,  
The song itself is often sad,  
For they who rule the measured verse mark it  
with slow-paced feet.

Not always will the selfsame chord  
Respond alike to player's hand,  
Not always will the fitting word  
Be ready at the thought's command;  
Much less will note of song reveal  
What sentiments our bosoms feel,  
Nor can the heart of him who hears the singer's  
understand.

And yet will song of minstrel fare  
As it has journeyed down the past; —  
The thistle blooms as native where  
By chance the thistle-down is cast.  
Forever in the heart will spring  
New melody from trembling string,  
And that which charms the world to-day is not  
to be the last.

## TAKING LEAVE

“**H**ARK to the music, hark!  
'Tis the singing of the lark  
    To welcome dawn;  
Though yet the sky be dark,  
    Now night is gone  
    I journey on.”

“Nay, nay, do not, I pray,  
So promptly break away  
    From love and me;  
Here is splendor while you stay  
    More bright to me  
    Than lark can see.”

“How quickly hours fly  
When joy and love are nigh, —  
    Day comes apace!  
My heart will linger by  
    This charmèd place  
    Of last embrace.”

“Here through the day I wait  
Outside the Eden gate  
    For your return;  
So late, so very late  
    Will Vesper learn  
    Her lamps to burn!”

## SONG — ESSENTIAL

'**T**IS not the form alone  
Nor yet the singer's tone  
That gives its music to the cadenced line;  
'Tis not the rhythmic flow  
Of numbers swift or slow  
That gives to verse its quality divine.

'Tis not the plaintive word  
In Sorrow's song is heard,  
It is the hush laid on the bated breath;  
Words of themselves were vain  
To tell the spirit's pain,  
Only the sigh that anguish uttereth.

'Tis not for mortal ear  
The minor strain to hear  
In song as through a meadow winds a rill;  
We cannot see its tide,  
But blossoms by its side  
Show what life-giving floods the channel fill.

The hand that strikes the string,  
Its music wakening,  
Must lay thereon emotions of the soul,  
So that the lyre may heed  
A voiceless spirit's need  
And yield itself to that supreme control.

## YOUTH AND AGE

YEARS of youth and years of age,  
Years of play and years of duty  
Have this common heritage,—  
Through all life's long pilgrimage  
Happy heart is filled with beauty.

Heart of honor, heart of truth,  
Strong in every bold endeavor,  
Heart of pity, heart of ruth,  
Happy, cheerful heart of youth,  
Be with us the same forever.

Years of gambolling and joy,  
Filled with merriment and laughter,  
Years that dreams of life employ,  
Let bright fancies of the boy  
Be realities long after.

What the dreams of childhood send  
To the youth and to the maiden,  
Let these to their young lives lend  
What will tarry till the end  
Come with richer blessing laden.

## THE POET'S CALL

THE poet calls to the world to stay  
Its steps for the beauty along the way  
The world is going from day to day;

The poet calls, — but the world heeds not  
The message that out of a heart is brought,  
Heeds nothing that's neither sold nor bought.

And what does the poet bring to sell?  
Nothing; — he has but a story to tell,  
And his only care is to do this well.

And what should the poet come to buy?  
Around him all of earth's riches lie,  
Above him the splendor of the sky.

But though the poet may bring no gain  
To the open market, he yet is fain  
To ease, if he can, a poor World's pain.

He would find a solace to check its tears,  
A word of courage to calm its fears  
And memories sweet for the later years.

And when at last shall the evening fall  
To the evensong then sweetest of all  
Shall be heard the notes of the poet's call.

## A LITTLE SONG

**A** LITTLE song framed to a melody  
That takes its cadence from the closing rest  
Of veery singing through the mystery  
Of stealthy Twilight drawing silently  
Deep-curtained darkness round the veery's nest,—  
Wherewith she brings her little ones to rest,  
In peace and joy to slumber trustfully  
From every care and every sorrow free  
Within the sanctuary of her breast.

A little song attempted timorously  
As the first venture of a new-fledged bird  
That makes its trial flight from tree to tree  
And looks about him for security  
If slender twig on which he lights be stirred;  
A little song to bear a single word,  
But if, dear Love, its meaning come to thee  
In the full measure of sincerity  
No matter if by all the rest unheard.



## SO WOULD I SING

So would I sing as linnets sing  
In tent of orchard tree;  
As goldfinches upon the wing  
And swallows coming in the spring  
With song enrapture me  
Until none other sound I hear  
Of any voices far or near  
Than their sweet melody.

So would I sing that singing bird  
Might deem the song his own,  
Might fancy that had Echo heard  
His wildwood notes without a word  
And practiced them alone,  
And yet confess that in the sound  
A deeper feeling still was found  
Than he before had known.

So would I sing for hearts to feel  
Of song the magic sway,  
So would I sing as to reveal  
What language cannot say, and steal  
From Grief its pains away,  
To charm the Summer of the year  
To bide with us, contented, here; —  
So would I sing to-day.

## GAIN OF SONG

HOW much of beauty is there shown  
In places where no mortal eye  
Will ever come; how little known  
Are glories of the earth and sky!  
How many gems are never found,  
Bright crystals hidden under ground;  
Charged with excess of flashing light  
Yet treasured in dark vaults of night!

How much of melody is made  
That never comes to mortal ear,  
How many symphonies are played  
Our duller senses never hear!  
As sweet the song of singing bird  
When by its mate alone 'tis heard,  
And if the mate be there no more  
The song is sweeter than before.

And yet there is no beauty lost,  
No crystal has been formed in vain,  
Though fashioned at so great a cost  
The making of it was a gain;  
The song that comes to me to-day  
Will in my soul forever stay  
Whether I wing it with a word  
Or never be its music heard.

## THE COMMON BOND

DEEP peacefulness of growing things  
Rests on the farm and wood,  
From happy heart the sparrow sings  
Unto her fledgling brood;  
This chirp of crickets in the grass  
Is warm with greeting when I pass,  
The cheerful message that it brings  
Saves all from solitude.

I wonder if the grasses hear  
These friendly crickets greet,  
I wonder if the daisies fear  
Rude trampling of my feet;  
There are in Nature thoughts too fine  
For our dull insight to divine,  
We cannot to her haunts draw near  
Nor with her favorites meet.

Between that blameless world and me  
The tie is close and strong,  
It holds us both in amity  
As it has held us long;  
And since I feel in every part  
The heart of Nature is my heart,  
It seems the common bond must be  
In the lineage of song.

## SONG'S APPEAL

SOMETIMES it is a smile that cheers  
Dull sorrow of the heart,  
Sometimes a low sweet tone appears  
To soothe a bitter smart;  
Another time a simple strain  
Of music soft and low  
Will ease a bosom of its pain,  
Bereavement of its woe.

It is enough, — the kindly tone,  
It matters less, — the word,  
The feeling of the heart is shown  
In accents faintly heard;  
Fond heart that beats in sympathy  
Its neighbor heart will stir,  
And this unto itself will be  
Its own interpreter.

So is it that a little song  
May help a world in tears,  
Repeated as it lingers long  
In memory of years;  
Though faint may be the song's appeal,  
If only it be true,  
Unto the gentle hearts that feel  
It is forever new.

## MINSTRELSY

**H**E who in sympathy has heard  
The low soft trilling of a bird,  
To loved one singing,  
Is privileged to learn by heart  
Coy secret of the minstrel's art,  
His wild notes flinging  
Upon a world given o'er to care  
Yet leaving lonely places where  
Are harebells clinging.

It is the art from Nature caught,  
From shore and field and forest brought,  
From sky and ocean;  
The minstrel's rhythmic numbers are  
In measured movement regular  
As tides in motion,  
And with their beating rise and fall  
The gentle pulsing musical  
Of Love's devotion.

## FRAGMENTS OF SONG

IN the stillness of summer is heard  
Sometimes the soft notes of a bird  
    From the borders of cloudland singing;  
So in silence the heart may be stirred  
By the echoing sound of a word  
    From the belfry of memory ringing.

It may be the broken string  
With a cry stops its vibrating,  
    Voiceless to be forever;  
It may be the birds that sing  
Have tired the venturesome wing  
    And will come to their song-land never.

But yet on hill and on plain  
Will the magic of music remain  
    With a power that is unbroken;  
For it holds in the simple strain  
That voices love's pleasure and pain  
    What can never, never be spoken.

Only fragments of song are these  
Broken chords of earth's harmonies,  
    Begun and then later suspended;  
But coming as solaces  
Into hearts their sorrows to ease  
    In pæans of praise are they ended.

## SUGGESTION

A FRAGMENT of a song,  
One single silvery strain, —  
It haunts me all day long,  
At night it comes again.

That echoing note I hear  
Chime with the vesper bell,  
So musically clear  
As if from heaven it fell.

It blends with gladsome note  
Across green meadows heard  
Poured from the tuneful throat  
Of early morning bird.

The thrushes, singing late  
At evening hour alone,  
Have this one strain to mate  
With melodies their own.

I know not whence 'tis brought  
Nor where its charms belong; —  
It comes a happy thought,  
It goes an idle song.

## WINGED SONG

**T**HE heart of singer is the home of song  
Wherein has this with others had its birth,  
And where the brood have fondly nestled long,  
Have passed most pleasant days in blameless  
mirth;  
When now one leaves the nest,  
Escapes the singer's breast,  
It makes a timid flight on untried wings,  
Nor will it yet attempt life's loftier things.

It may be that the fledgling on its way  
Shall come to one who hears it with delight,  
And, bidden with another heart to stay,  
Shall tarry there and rest throughout the night;  
Shall find a welcome warm,  
Safe shelter from the storm,  
And there perchance the song may come to be  
Most happy strain in some sweet symphony.

Were there in all the world no other heart  
To which the song would be most welcome guest,  
Then were it from its home loth to depart,  
Or, leaving, would come back at night to rest;  
And thus the world indeed  
Of song would be in need,  
And many an hour of life would then be long  
That now most happily is winged with song.



## FAREWELL TO CARE

IT rains — a heavy shadow broods  
Over the meadows and the woods,  
    A deep gloom bringing  
All Nature's chorus to a hush  
Except that evensong of thrush  
    Is left still ringing;  
It is as if all, far and near,  
Had stopped — as I have stopped — to hear  
    That sweet voice singing.

Sometimes the faint soul feels the strain  
Of anxious thought and silent pain,  
    The day is dreary;  
Our life is burdened with its cares,  
And with the load of grief it bears  
    The heart is weary;  
Then let us give to care the wing  
Of song, and in our freedom sing  
    As sings the veery.

## SONGS OF LIFE

**T**HE songs our voices raise  
Are sung in hearty praise  
Of what was fair  
And was gladsome there,  
In our childhood's happy days.

We sing of fairy gold,  
Of men who were wise and bold  
When life was new  
And all hearts were true  
In the far-off days of old.

But now and then a strain  
In the minor key will plain, —  
Will tell how near  
Are together here  
Our seasons of joy and of pain.

The heart cannot forget  
Its youthful joys, nor yet  
Can it forego  
Outbursts of woe  
When the sorrows of life are met.

## BETWEEN DAWN AND NIGHT

HOWEVER long or short the day,  
However bright or dark the skies,  
It is a matter of surprise  
How much that's sad, how much that's gay  
Between the dawn and evening lies.

With beauty is the heart made glad, —  
With beauty of the fields in May  
When fields appear in fresh array,  
And yet the same heart must be sad  
To see that beauty fade away.

The heart in singing takes delight,  
In morning hymn of hermit thrush  
When feelings into rapture rush;  
But when the descant falls at night  
Then comes upon the heart a hush.

As with the day so with the years  
Of life, beginning bright and fair,  
When toward the evensong they wear  
And from the heavens day disappears,  
Yet faithful stars are shining there.

## EVENSONG OF PRAISE

**T**HE wood thrush sings and will not stay  
Its one familiar strain;  
Soon as the music dies away  
That song begins again;  
It runs as runs a meadow stream  
Through all the twilight long,  
Refreshing blossoms of a dream  
With dewiness of song.

Those cadences are soft and low  
As evening's curfew bell,  
And falling into silence so  
Again to triumph swell;  
Through drowse of day the wood thrush sings  
In that same minor key,  
Yet soul of listener upsprings  
To loftier ecstasy.

O silvery-fluting Voice of thrush  
That leads the day to close,  
That leads all chirping to a hush,  
All chirpers to repose;  
Be thou, sweet Voice, a Muse to me,  
Most gracious one to raise  
My soul to Heaven's full harmony,  
An evensong of praise.

## REPEATED SONG

WE cannot have the year without the spring,  
We cannot have the spring without the song  
Of bluebirds coming on impatient wing,  
Of countless other choristers that bring  
A service lasting all the summer long.

We cannot have the year without the throng  
Of daisies mustering on sunny lea,  
Anemones come out in numbers strong,  
By willow-bordered brookside troop along  
Cowslips and daffies dancing merrily.

We cannot have the year without the fall,  
The later season of decadent leaf;  
The crimson-tinted sumac by the wall  
And in the field the cricket's plaintive call  
Tell of a closing year whose course is brief.

We look upon the pageantry of mirth,  
And mark its passing with a sense of pain,  
So much of gaiety goes out from earth,  
Of music and of dance is so great dearth!  
And yet we know that spring will come again.

## THE HEART'S SOVEREIGN

LOVE dwells apart  
In purity of thought,  
Of word, of all that's wrought  
Within the heart.

There Love is lord,  
Full mastery acquires,  
Brings all the heart's desires  
To sweet accord.

Within that sphere  
Love holds supreme control  
O'er matters of the soul,  
Casts out all fear.

Who Love obeys  
Goes on life's journey long  
Singing a happy song,  
Of Love the praise.

When this shall cease,  
We know at last our friend  
Has come unto that end  
That's perfect peace.

## SONG SURVIVAL

**I**T is not to the ear alone  
The song is sung; — its music dies  
Into a low pathetic tone  
That cloistered in the memory lies  
Once more with other songs to rise.

As in the silence of a wood  
We hear the wind among the trees,  
According to our present mood  
The melody made by the breeze  
Is softly plaintive by degrees.

A mountain cliff high up and steep  
With moss is slowly overgrown,  
There toiling lichens climb and creep, —  
At last in crevice of the stone  
A harebell by the wind is blown.

And so it is in human lives  
Some tone of feeling lingers long;  
Through generations it survives,  
And when at last 'tis rooted strong  
It buds and blossoms into song.

FOR ALL

NOT for that heart alone,  
The heart that keeps on singing all day long,  
In gladness of its own  
And in a merry tone  
Is made the winsome melody of song.

Another heart is near,  
It may be of companion or of friend,  
Or stranger may appear,  
May stop a while to hear  
The cadenced music falling to the end;

It may be no one stays  
His steps to listen to the singer's voice,  
But yet the note of praise  
That hearts rejoicing raise  
Must help to make the Giver's heart rejoice.

The Eternal Presence knows  
What grace the harmony of music yields;  
By that same order grows  
The beauty of the rose,  
The royal-mantled lily of the fields.



## SONG OF SONGS

**H**E who sang the Song of Songs  
Knew to whom that strain belongs; —  
    To Love, the all-deserving;  
To Love aye drawing soul to soul  
As turns the needle to the pole,  
    From that course never swerving.

This the song that's sung in praise  
Of the love that with us stays  
    Throughout life's journey ever, —  
Love that casts no shadow here,  
Knows no winter in its year  
    And fails in duty never.

We who timidly essay  
Singing songs of love to-day,  
    We hesitate and falter;  
Let us then in theme and tone  
Make that Song of Songs our own,  
    And not one accent alter.

## SEA SHELLS

ARE songs of Ariel ringing clear,  
Do sirens sing enchantingly? —  
We hold the sea shell to the ear  
And from its lip of pearl we hear  
The low sweet music of the sea.

Poor empty shells! — upon the beach  
We find them when the storm is o'er;  
And now beyond the billows' reach  
Those vocal lips yet strive to teach  
What moans the ocean evermore.

They call to where sea-gardens sleep  
In quietude of tropic seas,  
And in their cadenced music keep  
The secret longing of the deep  
For earth's primeval harmonies.

Poor exiled shells that still repeat  
Their nature song in undertone;  
Responsive still to pulsing beat  
Of ebb and flow, of cold and heat; —  
What rhythm has creation known!

## LIFE-SONG

WITHIN the heart the life-song singeth low  
As at the border of the summer wood  
All day unseen the veery singeth so  
To quiet down her restless callow brood; —  
It singeth low and long  
The love-inspired song  
That cheers the toilsome, up-hill way we go  
Yet is by Nature's fondlings understood.

It is a song for other hearts to hear  
Within their choir repeated o'er and o'er  
As in the wood is heard from year to year  
The mother bird her song of soothing pour,  
Until, the world around,  
That selfsame song is found  
Filling the days of mortal life with cheer  
And keeping hearts in concord evermore.

A song it is of peace along the way,  
Of triumph as we come toward the end;  
There is no pause the even step to stay,  
No note that to impatient haste would tend.  
Heaven is so very near  
The way we journey here  
We take the blessings offered day by day  
And make them greater, sharing with a friend.

## FOR INTERPRETING

**O** SINGER of the lonely wood  
Within the dark and hollow glen  
Of clustering mountains which include  
Space rarely trod by feet of men,  
Sing on in your deep solitude  
In pensive mood,  
Nor fear I will within your haunts intrude, —  
And yet my songs — it seems to me  
They could not be  
Other than sweet if they were sung by thee!

Ah, singer knowing what is song  
And knowing what is melody,  
What things to our sober thought belong  
And what belong to ecstasy,  
Let your unstudied strain be short or long,  
Feeble or strong,  
You cannot in its rendering go wrong;  
But let me try hard as I may  
The simplest lay,  
To Heaven's heart I fail to find my way.

## SONGS UNSUNG

TWO spirits meeting on the narrow way  
Of mortal life are both divinely thrilled,  
Each with the other's presence, and yet they  
Can find no utterance by which to say  
With how much of delight their hearts are filled.

So is it that the soul is lacking speech  
When most it feels of utterance the need,  
The gift of language lacks the power to reach  
Words of a meaning large enough to teach  
What means from friend to friend the heart's  
"God-speed."

Too late one realizes it has passed, —  
The chance that he may with the other meet,  
Remembers when they were together last,  
Would give the world if he could life recast  
And that fond session of two souls repeat.

It were in vain, — the words that we would say  
Would linger yet on charmèd lip and tongue,  
The fluttering heart our eager speech would stay,  
And still in silence should we turn away; —  
Thus do our sweetest songs remain unsung.

## OF THE SPIRIT

**I**T is not the sunshine bright  
Upon the burning sand,  
It is not the tempest's might  
On the unresisting strand,  
But it is an action tender  
As if a grace it would render  
Removes the veil from our mortal sight,  
And then we find that we stand  
In the glory of Heaven's splendor.

It is not the music heard  
Outringing loud and clear,  
It is not the spoken word  
That we are so glad to hear,  
But it is that tone of feeling  
Into our own hearts stealing  
From hearts that by our grief are stirred  
To the trembling of a tear  
Their tenderness revealing.

## WEFT OF SONG

**T**HERE is need of more than the will,  
Of more than the sprightliest thought,  
There is need of more than the skill  
With which are madrigals wrought,  
To make such a song as will live  
Wholly free from the well-measured line; —  
'Tis the touch of a hand that will give  
Somewhat of a spirit divine.

But the singer — he never can know  
Full meaning of that which he sings,  
For, whatever feeling may flow,  
Yet more to his bosom there clings;  
And he never can fathom the source  
From which his own soul is supplied,  
Nor ever will measure the force  
Of his passion's outflowing tide.

Of a kindred soul is there need  
If the currents of feeling shall flow,  
For the rill would not run if the mead  
Were not beckoning it from below;  
But the thoughts which no words can express  
To the heart of the singer belong;  
Only what the heart feels in excess  
Goes into the weft of a song.

## WHY SAD?

**T**HIS later age sings oftener of sorrow,  
Laments its grief and pain;  
From themes of sadness now our singers borrow  
Their most familiar strain.

High notes of joy in song are heard no longer, —  
Of joy in singer's heart,  
But all the time is sad complaining stronger  
Of life in every part.

It was not so — there was no thought of sadness,  
Our race felt it was young  
When out of hearts that overflowed with gladness  
The earlier minstrels sung.

Men count their years as in their far recession  
The years are by them seen,  
A course of winters following in succession  
With not a spring between;

Forgetful that all spiritual existence  
Is not of years or days,  
That the immortal with divine persistence  
Somewhere forever stays.



## FOR REMEMBRANCE

CARELESS if it be heard,  
Or if no one be near  
Its simple song to hear,  
The sweetly singing bird  
Out of a tuneful throat  
Gives most enchanting note  
Till all the woods with melody are stirred.

And so it is that one  
Who sings to his own heart  
Employs his highest art  
E'en though there may be none  
In his delight to share; —  
He finds his guerdon there  
In what remains after the song is done.

So is it now with me  
While here I stroll along,  
Sing to myself a song;  
I pray that this may be  
Kept as a souvenir,  
For the singer's sake held dear  
And treasured long in Love's fond memory.

## IN WIDER SPHERE

ON boughs of orchard trees in early spring  
In pink and white most delicate appear  
Full, tender buds so shyly opening,  
And promising rich fruitage of the year;  
Beyond the vision of that early bloom  
We scent the fragrance of its sweet perfume,  
And while the beauty of the blossom clings  
Within the shelter of its winter's rest  
The spirit of that loveliness takes wings,  
And my dull sense is with its presence blessed.

In thickets dense with osier twigs and leaves  
By streamlet side the wood thrush makes her nest,  
And here in holy hush of summer eves  
She sings in peace her little ones to rest;  
We may not catch the flash of mottled wings,  
We may not watch the singer while she sings,  
Night after night we sit and listen so,  
Expectant of that voice all summer long,  
Nor can the enraptured singer ever know  
How many hearts are charmed by her sweet song.

## SONG AND THE VOICE

THE song and "the Voice," — they are one,  
"The Voice" that says to me, "Sing!"  
There is nothing more to be done  
But heed the low notes as they ring;  
What may be to others a word  
Of distress, of sorrow and pain,  
When it comes to my hearing, is heard  
As a chord of a musical strain.

Loud shoutings of gladness and mirth  
Move humanity only in part,  
It is the sharp cry of the earth  
That reaches and quickens the heart;  
The sunlight is warm on the hill,  
And cool is the shade of the tree,  
Each has its fine purpose to fill,  
To give service to you and to me.

For the day, — it is followed by night  
The wide circuit of our earth around,  
Deep shadows are born of the light  
As echo is offspring of sound;  
The shades owe their lives to the sun,  
To the sun all their graces belong,  
So the song and "the Voice," — they are one,  
Both abiding with us in the song.

## IDLE THOUGHTS

I KNOW not if it be  
Some waif of memory  
    Out in the world astray,  
Or if it be a thought  
Out of the future brought  
    Into our own to-day.

Under the open sky  
I watch white clouds go by,  
    Drifting along, wind-blown;  
Whence come they, whither go?  
Is not for me to know,  
    Yet is their errand known.

These idle thoughts delay  
Their course a while and stay  
    With me through hours long,  
And I would keep them near  
To me through all the year,  
    Inwoven into song.

## APOLLO'S LYRE

**B**ETWEEN these mountain slopes of rugged  
form

That hold the plain as two confronting foes,  
Their towering heads close-helmeted with snows,  
Undaunted faces channeled by the storm;

Between these ledges piled  
In broken masses wild

As golden stream the evening sun shines through;  
With threads of living fire  
And rain is formed a lyre  
Such as persuasive hand of the god Apollo knew.

What though the strings be mute to mortal ear,  
And human hand to touch them strive in vain?

Those strings of golden light and amber rain  
Make in their colors harmony appear;

Of blending light and shade  
A symphony is made

That runs between the hills as a river sweeps along;  
And in that glow we see

Tones of a melody  
Moving the reed-like heart as with a flood of song.

## RETURN OF ORPHEUS

HE came in gladness on a pathway dim  
That leads out from a realm of mystery,  
With noiseless footsteps slowly followed him  
The shadowy form of his Eurydice.

The singer touched the string by which his skill  
Had charmed the dog beside the iron gate,  
Had overcome the adamantine Will  
That fixes firm the hard decrees of Fate;

He touched the string, he greeted light with song  
Such as the world had never heard before;  
With sorrow had his heart been burdened long,  
But now with gladness was it running o'er.

His song was one of joy and victory  
That he had wrought the purpose of his soul,  
Had entered on the lists with Destiny  
And had in triumph proudly reached the goal.

At length he turned his head aside to see  
If she, his comrade, did applaud the theme,  
Only to find the loved Eurydice  
Had vanished as the vision of a dream.

## IN DREAMLAND

UNWEARIEDLY we go a pathless way  
Through dimly lighted land of dreams to seek  
Some clearer, wider vision of the day  
From towering summit of a lonely peak;  
It is a shadowy land that we behold  
Half-hidden by dark clouds that trail along  
Beneath our feet,  
The middle distance — an enchanted wold —  
Is over flooded with impassioned song  
Divinely sweet.

We know that we shall never reach again  
That silent peak beneath the silent skies,  
That music to recall we know is vain  
Soon as the morning light unseals our eyes;  
But there we stand enchanted, listening long  
To untaught music of a fancied host  
Of singing birds;  
Half-conscious that the witchery of song  
Must with the vanishing of dreams be lost,  
Unwed to words.

## MAGIC OF SONG

**T**HE song that has been sung so many times,  
Has lived in memory through so many years,  
Set to a plaintive air in simple rhyme,  
Falls with its charm of music on the ears  
And moves the soul to tears.

Is it the vibrant sympathetic word  
That's spoken in a fondly loving tone,  
Or strain of music once in rapture heard,  
Stealing its way into the heart alone  
With magic of its own?

Ah, who can tell from what deep-hidden source  
The tenderest feelings of our nature rise,  
Or by what channels they will take their course?  
We only know their silvery current lies  
Close bordering Paradise.

The thoughts that with the simple strain have birth  
Are kindred with the heart's first dream of love,  
They lift the impassioned spirit from the earth  
And all the soul's enraptured feelings move  
On flower-strewn paths above.



## FROM YEAR TO YEAR

FROM year to year, from spring to spring,  
Soon as I hear the bluebird sing,  
    There comes to me the memory  
Of what the dear birds used to bring.

A promise clear of brighter skies  
That Winter here to us denies  
    On azure wings the bluebird brings  
Our hearts to cheer with glad surprise.

How have I heard that song to-day!  
The little bird, so blithe and gay,  
    From its full throat poured simple note  
That without word charms me for aye.

It leads me back through many years  
Along a track that's marked with tears  
    Until I reach the tideless beach  
Whereon the wrack of time appears.

Here I remain and listen long  
To hear again the bluebird's song.  
    O could I make for his dear sake  
My simple strain as clear and strong!

## HARMONIES

'T IS not alone to cadenced song,  
To strains of music that we hear,  
The sweetest harmonies belong  
That bring the heart its brightest cheer;  
It may be that a floweret, seen  
Among the grass with happy face,  
Gives added beauty to the green  
Where God has set it in that place.

We hear the sound of village bells  
Across wide space of waters float,  
The pulsing music fails and swells  
With idle rocking of our boat;  
Upon its way that chiming stole  
Some portion of the lily's dower,  
And now we know how sweet a soul  
Is wedded to how fair a flower.

These harmonies to outward sense  
Are faintly typical of those  
That come to us, we know not whence,  
And charm our spirits to repose;  
Identities of wish and thought  
That unto kindred souls belong,  
Form, when they are together brought,  
An unheard, unrecorded song.

## BOYHOOD

ON orchard slope, in bordering wood,  
The birds are singing clear  
A gladsome song of happy mood  
It is a joy to hear; —  
To hear the blackbird calling shrill,  
The wood-thrush calling low,  
Song-sparrow singing by the rill  
Soft as its waters flow.

The liquid notes of morning song  
Fall soft as falls the dew  
On ferns and grasses all night long  
The field and meadow through;  
It sets the current of the stream  
With pulsing air in tune,  
And lilies on the water dream  
Of river-banks in June.

So is it that the morning breaks  
With every sign of joy,  
So is it that the world awakes  
To wake the sleeping boy;  
For him the pleasure of the eyes,  
The blessing of the ears,  
The beauty that around him lies,  
The music that he hears.

## ONLY TWO

DO you, dear Heart, do you recall  
One morning when the world was young,  
The bloom of spring was over all  
And gates of Eden outward swung  
To let a happy pair go through, —  
Do you recall that one was you?

They were alone — that happy pair —  
That new-made world was all their own;  
For them it had been made so fair,  
Its fields with flowers thickly sown; —  
Made beautiful for only two,  
And one of these, dear Heart, was you.

The splendor of the morning light,  
The glory of the crownèd day,  
The steadfastness of sable night  
Whose altar fires are lit for aye; —  
So much of beautiful and true,  
Of God's great gifts for only two!

Wrapped in an atmosphere of bliss  
As sculptor's dream in smiling stone,  
Do we forget ourselves to this,  
To see the universe our own! —  
All this delight for only two,  
Your own fond love, dear Heart, and you!

## TO THE SINGER

CEASE not, O Singer, do not cease thy song;  
Mine ears have listened to its music long,  
    And now my heart as well  
    Would own the magic spell  
Of its low melody that is though sweetly clear yet  
    strong.

Sing on, sweet minstrel of the wayside choir,  
Content with gratitude for hire;  
    Content your gift to share,  
    Content to lighten care,  
To help some other gifted soul to loftier heights  
    aspire.

Cease not, O Singer, do not cease thy song;  
Thy gifts of magic to mankind belong;  
    The sweetness of thy voice  
    May help the world rejoice,  
Remind it of the good and true and serve to banish  
    wrong.

Sing on, sweet minstrel of the happiest birth,  
Whose calling is to cheer the home and hearth;  
    Sing of a higher home  
    To which the soul shall come  
And learn at last how poor this life and yet how  
    great its worth.

## HEART OF YOUTH

O HEART of Youth, forever young,  
For sweetest strains divinely strung;  
    How do those chords, vibrating still,  
    The soul with tenderest feeling thrill!  
And how to memory has clung  
    The music of our earlier years,  
How have those chiming accents rung  
    To shifting moods of smiles and tears,  
    To songs no other singer hears!

Dear Heart of Youth, forever strong  
Against all violence of wrong,  
    That faints not from the length of way  
    Nor from the burden of the day;  
Go with me all life's journey long,  
    Support of your fine courage lend,  
And cheer me with your happy song;  
    Be thou my faithful constant friend,  
    My fellow-traveler to the end!

## THE LAST SONG

THE play was over and the music ended,  
The lights were burning low,  
And vanished all the glittering pageant splendid  
That ruled short time ago;  
Now empty were the benches which were rendered  
Tumultuous with applause  
That to the gentle singer had been tendered  
Unstinted at each pause; —  
'Twas but a child, last one of all in leaving,  
Now turning at the door  
As if in faith of childish soul believing  
There must be one note more.  
The singer saw those tender eyes appealing  
Unto a tender heart,  
She sang one strain of lofty song revealing  
More than all skill of art.  
Transported with her joy, the young girl listened  
To music such as this;  
Then, smiling thanks from deep blue eyes that  
glistened,  
Sent back a good-night kiss.

## AT HOSTELRY OF THOUGHT

WHO builds the mansion of his mind  
Seeks strongest timber he can find  
From olden forests brought;  
Lays the foundation strong and deep  
The stately edifice to keep  
For sheltering of thought.

Here will he entertain with rest  
The stranger and the bidden guest, —  
With rest, good-cheer and wine;  
Here host with guest and friend with friend  
Will meet and in sweet converse blend  
The human and divine.

When here a thought at fading light  
May seek a shelter for the night  
Worn by a journey long,  
'Tis given warm bath, rich feast in hall,  
The very softest couch of all  
In bed-chamber of song.



## HERITAGE OF SONG

NOT on cold lips of stone  
As those of Memnon old,  
Of which is marvel told  
That when the sun first shone  
At morning hour his rays  
Awoke a hymn of praise  
Sung in exultant tone,  
O'er leagues of desert rolled;

Not thus has Song appeared  
When first upon the earth  
Has she had glorious birth,  
Has hearts of mortals cheered,  
But on fair lips that smiled  
Sweetly as dreaming child  
Has Song been born and reared  
To her immortal worth.

O softly warbled Song  
Led by Apollo's lyre,  
Whose heart does Love inspire,  
To whom does Art belong,  
Thou hast thy heritage  
In that far Golden Age  
When hearts of men were strong,  
Were noble in desire.

## THE UNHEARD CHOIR

WHO listens to the passing winds may note,  
Day after day through year succeeding year,  
A sigh of sadness on the breezes float,  
With falling dew see drop a silent tear;  
Far bitter cry of anguished soul may hear  
Across the wave as if now Charon's boat  
To that unlighted shore were drawing near.

Who wanders by the river on its way  
From lake among the mountains to the sea  
May fancy that the waters are at play  
Where they leap over ledges, bounding free;  
May hear them laughing in an ecstasy  
Of pure delight, and where they idly stay  
Their course, hear an unsouled Undine's glee.

The one in sympathy with Nature feels  
More than to soul of man sense ever brings,  
With what he sees into his being steals  
Yet clearer vision of diviner things;  
With note of woodland songster faintly rings  
Another note responsive, that reveals  
What melody an unheard choir sings.

## IN HARMONY

**T**HE burden of winds that blow  
From the chilly west,  
The burden of drifting snow  
That will never rest;  
The rhythmic beating of wings  
As they sweep along,  
And the voice of the maiden who sings  
A low, sweet song;

These are but voices of earth,  
Of earth and of sky,  
Children's shouting in mirth  
And the sea-mew's cry;  
Many the hymns of praise  
And the songs of woe;  
Many and varied the lays  
From hearts below.

But these to the Infinite Ear  
Blend in one strain,  
Both what is pleasing to hear  
And what is pain,  
For the Grand Composer takes,  
Of dirge and of glee,  
Notes discordant and makes  
Sweet melody.

## SINGING OF THE SOUL

**T**HE cricket puts so much of hearty cheer,  
So much of summer gladness in his song  
That, walking in the fields, I seem to hear  
The selfsame cricket singing all day long  
So merrily  
The world must seem to be  
A world of light and joy for him and me.

The cricket keeps up his low monotone  
While on the birch white-throated sparrow sings,  
In dusk of twilight cricket sings alone  
Regardless of the hush that evening brings;  
He has no care  
If you or I be there,  
Or song be wasted on the silent air.

So is it with the singing of the soul  
That goes its way in quietude of peace,  
Its heart once fixed upon the distant goal,  
From song of gladness never will it cease,  
But all the way  
Whether by night or day  
Will make life happy with its voice so gay.

## LOVE AND FAITH

**I**S there love that shall last through the years,  
With increase of their numbers grow strong?  
Is there hope that is shadowed by fears  
And grief that is softened by tears?  
Then is there a need for so long  
Of the sweet ministration of Song.

Is there faith that holds fast to the truth  
While truth bears the scoff and the scorn?  
Is there wisdom that's comrade of youth  
And companion of age? then forsooth  
Will the world turn again toward the morn,  
Exult in a Song newly born.

For a faith that is simple and just,  
For a love that's unselfish and strong,  
The world waits in confident trust  
Believing these two pillars must  
To the beautiful gateway belong  
That admits to the temple of Song.

## IN POVERTY

**T**HE Singer himself is poor,  
He was born to no higher estate,  
His infancy played round the cottage door,  
Not inside the palace gate; —  
He had for his childhood mate  
The Muse who is ever young,  
And she to his heart and soul has sung  
What songs are yet lingering late;

Has sung of the sweet content  
That is found on the countryside  
Where lives in the quiet of home are spent,  
Where pleasures of youth abide;  
The Muse has kept close by his side,  
Repeating of home-life the praise; —  
To mingle her notes in his lays  
Evermore the Singer has tried.

And not unhappy the song  
Nor plaintive the simple strain  
He carols forth as he trudges along  
Over life's dusty plain; —  
In a world of sorrow and pain  
To have the fond Muse by his side  
Is to have her a joy-bringing bride,  
And himself to be youthful again.

## TIME'S ANTHOLOGY

HERE from the sifting of the years,  
From all the product of the past,  
The finest of its thought appears,  
What Fate declares that it shall last.

Upon these pages softly glow  
What lights have burned in former years,  
We read these tender words and know  
They have been often read with tears.

With ease the devious ways we trace  
By which has singers' fancy gone,  
And joining those of equal pace  
With them we proudly follow on.

So in the future there shall be  
Those who in our to-day shall find  
That in the realms of Poesy  
There is a brotherhood of mind.

A word of truth, if it be new,  
A word of faith, if it be strong,  
Shall last the coming ages through  
And be the inspiring theme of song.

## THE FINER SENSE

O THAT one might be given so fine an ear  
That he could hear  
The growing grass at opening of the year!  
Hear violets creep  
Out of their beds after a winter's sleep  
Dreamless and deep!

What pleasure would the heart of mortal gain  
To hear the strain  
Of exultation from upspringing grain!  
To hear the sweet  
Low childish voices of young blades of wheat  
Each other greet!

Was not this to our earliest parents given,  
The gift of Heaven  
Before they were from Eden's garden driven?  
Thus making Eve  
So tenderly, so passionately grieve  
Her flowers to leave?

Our gifts are portioned to us as our need,  
Our longings lead  
The soul to venture on some worthy deed; —  
Enough is fair,  
Enough of melody is everywhere  
Were we aware.



## THEMES OF SONG

THE painter chooses subjects for his brush  
From what around him most lifelike appears,  
A boy, it may be, listening to a thrush,  
Enchanted with the melody he hears;  
Or it may be where age with youth at play  
Puts off the sober mask of care and pain,  
And going back o'er many years to-day  
Becomes at heart a happy child again.

It is not always that of far-off things,  
Of half-forgotten battles long ago,  
Nor of heroic deeds the minstrel sings; —  
More oft his songs from nearer fountain flow.  
Fond pressure of a hand, fond look of love,  
May lead him life's long pathway to retrace,  
Care of the intervening years remove,  
And bring him with his childhood face to face.

His are again the unspoken thoughts of youth,  
Bright scenes are round him, fairy-like, to bless,  
He has once more the friendship that is truth,  
The smile of Nature that is loveliness;  
And finding that of all this pleasant earth  
The goodliest portion to himself belongs,  
Within his heart most generous thoughts have  
birth,  
And these he puts into his happiest songs.

## SOUL OF SILENCE

SOUL of Silence, standing near  
At the opening of the year  
    When the winds of April blow  
    Over fields of melting snow,  
What of heartiness and cheer  
In the bluebird's song you hear!

Song with gladness running o'er,  
Telling Spring is here once more;  
    Telling heart of bird was true  
    All the silent Winter through,  
That the dream of bud and bough  
Is made good in beauty now.

Soul of Silence, waiting still  
For the echo from the hill,  
    Waiting for the song to be  
    Outburst mad of revelry,  
You will wait in patience till  
Mingled songs the woodland fill.

## SO LONG

So long as Love remains,  
So long  
Will sound the silvery strains  
Of song  
That tells of joys and pains,  
Of losses and of gains  
That unto Love's domains  
Belong.

So long as Love is here,  
So long  
Shall we in rapture hear  
His song  
Ringing so loud and clear,  
Free from all notes of fear,  
As borne from sphere to sphere  
Along.

So long as Love is fair,  
So long  
Will Joy and Sorrow share  
That song;  
For love is bold to wear  
The warrior's helm, to bear  
Arms in the fight, to dare  
Be strong.

## HEART OF GLADNESS

O HEART of Gladness, Heart of Joy,  
Dear happy Heart of happy boy!  
The skies above are bright and clear,  
The world around fair to the sight,  
Sweet songs of birds for one to hear,  
And life nought but a pure delight;  
What need of greater happiness  
Glad heart of happy boy to bless!

He lives to Nature very near  
In things to see, in things to hear,  
In beauty of the oriole's wing,  
In melody of linnet's song;  
To him soft airs of summers bring  
A query he has pondered long, —  
What land beyond the water lies  
To which the summer swallow flies?

Can it be fairer than his own,  
With more to charm than he has known?  
If so, why should the swallow fly  
So far across the sea to bring  
Its prophecy of summer nigh  
While yet it is our chilly spring?  
And this the only weight of care  
Light-hearted boyhood has to bear!

## AGE OF SONG

THERE was a time when waiting mortals heard  
Some notes of song that came from higher sphere,  
More musical than any spoken word  
From human lips has ever fallen here;  
Then walked Apollo on Cyllene's height,  
Woke with his voice the lyre's reponsive string,  
Then joined the maiden Muses with delight  
In choral dance around Pierian spring.

There was a time when tuneful waters ran  
With merry laughter reedy banks between,  
From time to time were heard sweet songs of Pan,  
Although the singer of them was unseen;  
The winds upon the river's face were still  
Yet reeds were trembling all its banks along,  
What could it be but that the master's skill  
Was waking these to harmony of song.

The age of song was ended long ago,  
Its time among mankind was very brief,  
It went as soon as men to hear were slow  
And lost the ease of childhood for belief; —  
We hear no more the streamlet's rhythmic flow,  
The reeds' entrancing music without end,  
Because we do no longer care to know  
To make the low, soft notes of Nature blend.

## THE HAPPY HEART

**T**HE happy heart goes all the day  
A quiet grass-grown path along,  
With smiling face it cheers the way,  
It makes the burden light with song,  
At coming of the morn 'tis gay,  
At evening is with labor strong.

The happy heart of happy boy  
Goes all the way with toiling man,  
Whatever heavy tasks employ  
His hand he does them as he can;  
At their completion finds the joy  
That all his hopes and dreams outran.

Unlike the halting tired feet,  
The heart ne'er feels the need of rest;  
Repose to weary limbs is sweet  
And that given by the heart is best;  
Where merry heart and duty meet,  
There is the life of mortal blest.

## SONG AND ECHO

THE singer puts his heart into a song  
And sends this forth to wander at its will,  
To follow bank of meadow stream along  
Or clamber up the slope of wooded hill  
To where does Echo in her rocky cell  
Receive the visitor with ecstasy,  
And practising the novel measure well  
Give back the song anew in melody, and melody,  
and melody.

Or it may be the vagrant one shall meet  
Some lonely heart that has been waiting long,  
That now is glad another heart to greet,  
Give entertainment to a homeless song;  
And there the wanderer contented dwells,  
Hostess and guest in perfect harmony; —  
Echo and song chime as do marriage bells  
Their happy tidings ring in melody, and melody,  
and melody.

## FOOTFALLS OF THOUGHT

FOND thoughts that to the poet's soul appear  
But steps of unseen angels going by,  
Whose footfalls to his senses ringing clear  
Reveal to him a heavenly presence near  
Although denied his vision to descry.

Those steps seem always coming from above,  
Seem never, never from him to depart,  
He hears them on the ladder-rungs of love  
From Heaven descending, and their hurryings prove  
They find warm hostelry within his heart.

Nor do they venture forth, again to stray,  
Until there comes an eager soul to hear,  
And then as in a choral dance do they  
Repeat harmonious numbers in the lay  
Sung by the poet to enchanted ear.

And thus it is that one inspired thought  
Goes on its destined way around the earth;  
Its music some impassioned soul has caught,  
Has into melody its footfalls wrought; —  
Song, of immortal youth, has come to birth!



## DAY COMES WITH SONG

**D**AY comes with song,  
Soon as the morning breaks  
Over the crest of low, gray eastern hills,  
Its gentle footfall wakes  
The tuneful choir that makes  
Sweet melody of joyfulness that fills  
The woods around, that sends clear limpid rills  
Of softly flowing song  
With lulling lapse of murmuring stream green  
meadow's marge along.

Day goes with song,  
When down the glowing west  
The sun goes to his chamber for the night,  
Leaving the world to rest,  
The swallow in her nest  
Pavilioned o'er with evening clouds all bright  
With gold and amber of day's fading light; —  
Then does the hour belong  
To simply artless cadenced close of veery's vesper  
song.

## SILENCE

SHE comes before us oft, we know not whence,  
No footfalls of her coming do we hear,  
So softly will she leave us, going hence,  
No farewell utterance falling on our ear,  
No word of vain regret nor word of cheer;  
No rustling of her dress  
Nor benison to bless  
The heart of Feeling, to relieve the sense  
Of that which in her presence most we fear, —  
The sense of loneliness.

And this is Silence, — of all comrades best  
When we are with her in the world alone,  
When in the stillness of an hour of rest  
We hear a music hitherto unknown,  
A harmony of sentiment and tone  
That doth express the whole  
Entrancement of the soul  
When, with a consciousness of selfhood blest,  
It feels a tide of rapture all its own  
Into its bosom roll.

## ABSENT-HEARTED

I LOVE my Love; — far as his feet may go  
There shall my love outrun him on his way;  
Or let him loiter by the streamlet slow,  
Or let him linger where the violets grow,  
There shall my love beside him fondly stay;  
How can he — thus attended — fail to know  
That while I live, and while I love him so,  
My life is lonely, for my Heart's away  
With loving Thought to-day!

My Love loves me, and that is all I care,  
To have his love that I may call my own;  
Let others have all that is bright and fair,  
Let others joy in love, — they cannot share  
That which I feel is felt for me alone;  
How do I — thus attended — everywhere  
Find Life a gladsome thing of beauty rare,  
And all her paths with fragrant flowers strewn,  
Tree-shaded and grass-grown!

## HOSPITALITY OF THE HEART

**T**HE early-rising sun of summer throws  
Upon the mountain's brow its golden light,  
It overspreads the field of winter snows  
With blushing of the rose,  
Lending a ruddy radiance to the white.

In bringing up the glory of the day  
To give low eastern cloud its fringe of gold,  
The beams that round the mountain summits play  
That lavish gift display  
In tenderness of tint a thousand fold.

We see the wealth of color in the tone  
Of light that has come through the falling rain,  
And so is beauty of the morning shown  
In radiant sunbeams thrown  
Back from the high snow-mantled peaks again.

The joys of life, too, have their greatest zest  
Not in those things that are directly given; —  
The most delightful and most welcome guest  
That comes to human breast  
Is he who is by stress of weather driven.

## PICTURED SONG

**T**HE man who painted sang as well,  
So do the olden stories tell;  
He sang of beauty, sang of grace  
The while he limned the lady's face;  
He sang the valiant deed and brave  
Whene'er he wished the expression grave,  
But love inspired his song the while  
He painted that bewitching smile  
Which lingers yet through ages long  
And still rewards the artist's song.

O could those lips round which there plays  
The sunshine of departed days,  
Could they repeat the tender strain,  
Those touching words of song again,  
How would our souls with music fill,  
Our hearts with noble passion thrill!  
Then should we hand of artist bless,  
The artist's charming voice no less; —  
But no, — song on our earth delays  
Only in smile that song repays.

## THE SINGER

WHAT is the poet's aim?  
Some wounded heart to reach  
That he a truth may teach  
Of comfort to the same.

What is the poet's thought?  
It is of noblest worth,  
Of virtue here on earth  
From heights celestial brought.

What is the poet's dream?  
A vision of the Right  
Prevailing over Might  
And made the law supreme.

What is the poet's prayer?  
That in another sphere  
What is the rarest here  
Be found most common there.

What is the poet's faith?  
In some fond memory  
His simple song shall be  
Kept sacred after death.

## SINGER AND HEARER

THE figure in the block of marble hidden  
From every eye except the artist's own  
Will, by the magic beck of Genius bidden,  
Step from the stone.

And so the beauty in the rosebud's keeping  
Through winter snows, away from mortal sight,  
Is ready at the touch of Summer, leaping  
Into the light.

Beyond the chimes from village belfry ringing,  
Adown the silence of the evening air,  
We hear from wooded slope a bird song bringing  
The worship there.

So in a verse melodiously flowing  
In lines composed of harmony complete,  
Are heard the pulses of a heart throb showing  
Music more sweet; —

Showing how vast that Delian possession,  
How far beyond the inspired one's control,  
That it should find a still more full expression  
In other soul.

## POWER OF SONG

**I**T may be that some heart has felt,  
When it was very sore from wrong,  
Blest anodyne of sorrow dealt  
So sweetly, gratefully by song,  
And it has blessed the art divine  
That poured the balm of oil and wine  
Upon a spirit suffering long.

It may be that some kindly word  
Joined to a soft, melodious strain,  
In time of grief and trouble heard,  
Has had full power to ease a pain;  
Then who shall say the singer's voice  
May not in its high art rejoice,  
Nor deem that it has sung in vain?

O power of song to raise the soul  
When this in deep dejection lies, —  
As deep as was of Eve the dole  
When she went out from Paradise;  
What fadeless laurel wreaths belong  
To those who having gift of song  
Its sweet enchantment exercise!



## SINGING AND TOILING

I HAVE a life in common with the shy  
And wary creatures of the field and wood,  
A life withdrawn from the World's curious eye,  
And by the indifferent little understood.  
My waking hours belong  
To artless song  
As that is warbled by the hedgerow bird,  
And in my slumber dreams  
The dear Muse seems  
To sing the sweetest songs were ever heard.

I have a life in common with the throng  
Of busy toilers in the mart and field,  
With working men have made my muscles strong  
In garnering what the furrowed soil would yield.  
To me the evening hush  
And song of thrush  
Have often come as welcome call to rest;  
And yet I cannot say  
With yea or nay  
Whether is singing or is toiling best.

## SADNESS OF SONG

THE bird sings o'er and o'er  
Its one unvarying score  
Repeated day by day  
And sung year after year,  
One softly warbled lay  
So musically clear  
That when its notes we hear  
Unto our Souls we say,  
"Come to the hills, away;  
Now is the Summer near!"

Not so with what belongs  
To the music of our songs;  
Sometimes a cry of pain  
Comes from vibrating strings,  
Breaks the melodious strain,  
A note of discord rings;  
Unto our heart it brings,  
As south wind brings the rain,  
Full sense of effort vain  
Oft as the fond heart sings.

## SILENCE OF THE SOUL

**I** LISTEN to the singing of a bird  
Not for the sweetness of the music heard  
    Though charming be that song,  
But for deep silence that shall follow soon  
Made sweetly tender by a haunting tune  
    To be remembered long.

How will that simple lay come back to me  
And dwell at peace within my memory,  
    Sweet as it was of yore;  
When as a boy I listened at the spring  
To hear what songs the happy wild birds sing  
    Repeated o'er and o'er!

So may it be with hours we idly spend  
In joys that seem with flight of time to end,  
    Or pass from our control;  
It may be that these hours of idleness  
Are garnering some gracious thought to bless  
    The silence of the soul.

## SING ON!

SING on, sweet Voice so fondly heard  
By mate of yours from neighboring tree;  
Sing on, glad Heart of happy bird,  
Your cheerful song to gladden me;  
Sing o'er and o'er  
That simple score  
Of love conveying all the lore.

Sing on, dear Songster of the wood,  
That gives to melody your best;  
Sing on, to quiet little brood  
That chirp and flutter in the nest;  
Sing o'er and o'er  
That simple score  
Was sung to linnet brood of yore.

Sing on, O Heart so full of joy  
To hear a strain remembered long,  
A note that charmed me when a boy,  
To which would I attune my song;  
Sing o'er and o'er  
That simple score  
As if 'twere never sung before.

## IN SIMPLE PHRASE

**I**N simple phrase  
Such as our fathers used in earlier days,  
    The spinner at the door  
    Sings o'er and o'er  
To hum of wheel her old familiar lays.

Her songs beguile  
The weariness of spinner's toil the while  
    Do shadows on the ground  
    Creep slowly round,  
And noon's fierce ardor softens to a smile.

Those ballads old  
Tell of the past all that is to be told;  
    Stories of love and faith  
    Outlasting death,  
Of deeds heroic — of adventures bold.

Sweet homely lays,  
They win for her who sings no lasting bays,  
    But move the one who hears  
    E'en unto tears,  
His heart touched by a song in simple phrase.

## MINISTRY OF SONG

SONG sweetens toil, it makes all labor light,  
To gentle heart of Sorrow gladness brings,  
It cheers the hour of gloom with radiance bright  
As if the shadow were from angel wings; —  
The weaver at his loom in clear tone sings  
Some ballad rhythmic with the shuttle's flight,  
That o'er his web a mystic pattern flings  
Of deeds heroic told of valiant knight.

To flowing verse and melody belong  
The nobler words and actions of the past,  
Defence of Right, the bold attack of Wrong  
As with a war-cry and with trumpet blast; —  
The minstrel's songs all memory outlast,  
Outlast the bastion and the bulwark strong;  
The history of war and conquest vast  
Is long outlived by simple peasant song.

And so it is some tale of pity told  
In humble verse and set to simple strain,  
Some tale of Hecuba or Priam old,  
Of Hector dragged upon the Trojan plain,  
Or of some chivalric crusader slain,  
Of our compassion takes enduring hold,  
All efforts to forget the song are vain,  
Its cadences and rhythm our being mould.

## DEAR HEART

HOW many springs that once were new,  
Were fresh with bloom, with promise fair,  
Before they to their ageing grew,  
Before they any fading knew,  
Or felt the shadow of a care; —  
How many were they! — yet too few  
For me to spend along with you,  
Dear Heart, and learn your virtues rare.

How many summers have grown old,  
Have sadly vanished from the earth,  
How many harvests ripened gold,  
How many winters with their cold  
Have built the fires upon the hearth! —  
How many are they! yet too few  
For me to spend along with you,  
Dear Heart, and come to know your worth.

The many seasons we have known  
Each other's presence, being near,  
Have brought a blessing of their own,  
And now that they as birds are flown  
Still bides that blessing with us here, —  
That we in springs and summers new,  
Not less in cheerless winters, grew  
Each to the other yet more dear.

## SONGS

**T**HERE are songs for days that are bright,  
And songs for the days that are dull,  
Songs for the days that are filled with light  
And for days that of darkness are full;  
There are songs for hearts that are young,  
For hearts that are weary and sore,  
And these are the songs that will still be sung  
When the makers of them are no more.

There are songs for the friends who are here,  
For the friends who are far away,  
And songs that the hearts of the weary may cheer  
In the burden and heat of the day;  
There are songs of a tenderer chord  
That may tell of a holier love,  
And they need of our speech not a single word  
To be known by the angels above.

There are songs for the great and the small,  
Those of high and of low degree,  
For the heroes of war who in battle fall  
And for those who are lost at sea;  
There are songs for our smiles and our tears,  
For our seasons of sadness and mirth,  
But what in the songs to the coming years  
Shall tell of their maker's worth?



## TWIN SISTERS

COMPANIONS close upon their lonely way  
Two graceful figures slowly move along,  
One richly clad and one in sober gray, —  
Silence unshod and her twin sister, Song.

One looking downward as in thoughtful mood,  
The other looking to the heavens above;  
One pondering matters feebly understood,  
The other singing joyously of love.

There was no cloud nor shadow on the face  
Of either comrade as they journeyed on,  
But as they passed they left upon the place  
An air of loneliness where had they gone.

One missed the music of the singer's voice  
That rang out to the morning loud and clear,  
Its full tones making heart of youth rejoice  
That so much melody of song was here;

But more he missed the silence that had passed  
As runs a river's current deep and strong,  
For of its unheard harmonies at last  
Was woven to the soul most perfect song.

## WINGS OF SONG

**W**EAVING figures most intricate  
Over the background of the sky,  
Summer swallow and summer mate  
Up with the clouds together fly,  
Or over green meadows below,  
Unweariedly to and fro  
Swift as a thought they go  
Bright sunlight through  
On wings of blue.

So do the thought and the vision appear  
Coming silently into view,  
Showing somewhat of graces here,  
Some of the beauty they have come through.  
How does that vision glow  
As after the rain does the bow,  
How brighter does beauty show  
When borne along  
On wings of song!

## SONG OF LINUS

FAR slope of upland shows a spacious field  
Now growing into gold with ripening corn,  
And beaming as a warrior's ready shield  
Full in the glorious light of early morn;  
We see at work the reapers bending low,  
Their crescent sickles flashing in the light,  
Behind them kevils lying in a row,  
The husbandman rejoicing in the sight.

They sing — those laborers together sing  
A song by Linus made for men of yore,  
A song of gladness when 'tis sung in spring,  
Of sadness, sung when summer time is o'er;  
They sing the coming of a radiant boy,  
The ecstasy of childhood in his eyes,  
At his appearance here they sing what joy!  
What grief and lamentation when he dies!

O song immortal in the heart of man,  
And still repeated in an echoing strain,  
Sweet song for men at reaping that once ran  
Along the border of a field of grain!  
Sweet song of Linus' making by which he  
Through passing years has been remembered long,  
So that by sight of toiling reapers we  
Are yet reminded of that ancient song.

## LESBIAN SONG

**T**WO Lesbian maidens, toiling at the mill  
In the morning still,  
Before the day  
Comes over eastern hills full-robed in gray,  
Sing in soft measure of Pierian phrase  
Apollo's praise;  
In notes of joy  
They sing of Aphrodite and her boy;  
So do the Lesbian maids in music mask  
Laborious task  
To make it seem  
A festival they're keeping in a dream.

For centuries the noise of Lesbian mill  
At morn is still;  
At temple shrine  
Apollo is no longer held divine;  
To Venus and her boy do men to-day  
Small homage pay;  
The Muses now  
Are seldom honored with a thought or vow;  
But yet that Lesbian song lives evermore  
As sung of yore,  
And hours so long  
Are yet made swifter by the wings of song.

## HEART HUNGER

NOT with wine and not with bread  
Heart of man is cheered and fed, —  
Not with common fare,  
Something more than life can give  
Needs the human heart to live  
And its burdens bear.

Heart of childhood, heart of youth  
Needs the sturdy strength of truth  
Manhood may attain;  
In its doubts and in its fears  
Needs companionship of years,  
Counsel wisely sane.

So the weary heart of age  
Needs upon its pilgrimage  
All the mirth and joy  
It remembers to have had  
When the old man was a lad,  
Mischief-loving boy.

All life's way of loneliness,  
Needing more or needing less,  
Other wants above;  
In its smiling and its tears  
Gloom that saddens, light that cheers,  
Heart of man wants love.

## SING CARE AWAY

SING Care away, say her "Good-bye!"

Give her "God-speed with gladness!"

Too long she may not linger nigh

With gloomy thought of sadness!

Sing to her measures soft and low

To lead her whither streamlets flow,

That she, beguiled by music so,

May hasten downward to the shore,

Herself and comrades hurried,

And, taking ship, sail quickly o'er

To those who will not be worried.

Bid Care begone, nor let her stay

With all her crew annoying,

So sing as to charm Care away,

Your sweetest notes employing;

Sing what is lively, what is gay,

What lightens toil, what heightens play,

The joy of living day by day; —

Sing what will hasten Trouble's flight,

His heavy burdens winging,

What will as well give you delight

The while that you are singing.

## ABODE OF SONG

FROM mountain side bursts forth the impatient  
spring,

It leaps the broken ledges at a bound,  
And on their way the happy waters sing

A song of gladness to the rocks around;

They lead my fancy to the unmeasured sea

Where they will be

With that immensity of waste at home,

Where round the mainland with its rock-bound  
shore

Forevermore

Will they be fretting in a fringe of foam.

They lead my fancy by a sunlit way

Up to the clouds that drift across the sky,

That bring across the fields the shadows gray

And to the mountain springs their fresh supply,

'Tis thus the singing streams forever go

With steady flow

In eager haste to meet the rising tide,

But here alone with Echo and with me

For company

The happy songs choose ever to abide.

## HEART'S COINAGE

**T**HE years are full of pleasure,  
Joy is the heart's best treasure  
Kept in its coffer strong,  
As is the miser's money,  
The store of hoarded honey  
Kept through the seasons long;  
But were the heart less wary,  
Were of its wealth less chary,  
This were given forth in song.

The metals of our mining  
Have need of a refining  
And need of an alloy  
To help them in the bearing  
Of service hard and wearing  
For commerce to employ;  
But all the merry ringing  
Of the heart's exultant singing  
Is that of native joy.



## A SONG

A SONG of words but few  
Repeated o'er and o'er,  
To you, dear Heart, to you  
So often sung before!  
The music can have nothing new,  
But, having grace, may wander through  
Your heart with memories for a clue  
To heart of hearts once more.

A song of words but few  
In which would Love complain,  
To you, dear Heart, to you  
So often sung in vain!  
To tell of faithfulness as true  
As heart of mortal ever knew,  
Of force as strong as that which drew  
The tide across the main.

A song of words but few  
Sung in a minor strain,  
To you, dear Heart, to you  
Sung o'er and o'er again!  
To win your pitying sight to view  
The latest flower in Eden grew,  
Was watered by Contrition's dew,  
Of Sorrow's tears the rain.

## FROM THE HEIGHTS

FROM the hills, the silent hills,  
Come the merrily laughing rills  
    Bounding along  
    With mirth and song  
That wakens the echoes from their sleep and with  
    gladness the valley fills.

Down from the hills they bring  
That song of triumph they sing  
    When over the edge  
    Of the broken ledge  
They leap in a frenzy of mad delight and the spray  
    to the sunshine fling.

Down to the meadows below  
They bring the coolness of snow,  
    A refreshing draught  
    That is eagerly quaffed  
By the noontide-resting *fleurs de lys* among which  
    the streamlets flow.

So into our lives are brought  
From the upper ranges of thought  
    Full harmony  
    Of minstrelsy  
By the magic charm of whose cheerfulness our quiet  
    of soul is wrought.

## LAND OF SONG

**B**ENEATH the smiling of Arcadian skies  
That make of all the year a summer long,  
In restful quietude of Nature lies  
The happy Land of Song.

Amid the peacefulness of growing things  
That help to fill with joy the passing days,  
There sits the Muse of Melody and sings  
Of Love and Song the praise.

The wings of fancy fan soft ambient air  
By which fair flowers of thought are gently  
wooded,  
And faithful Memory indulges there  
A meditative mood.

The Past and Present greeting pleasantly  
Along 'a common shore together run  
As bits of wreckage meeting on the sea  
Thenceforth are only one.

Around these shores the sea of passion flows  
In tidal currents running swift and strong,  
Its hoarser accents blending yet with those  
From happy Land of Song.

## HEARD SILENCES

WE do not note the ticking of the clock  
That through the years has marked the steps  
of Time,  
But let it stop, our ears receive a shock —  
The silences to startling loudness climb;  
So 'tis when in the singing of a choir  
At intervals does measured cadence fall,  
Then does responsive feeling mount the higher,  
Unwhispered music ruling over all,  
Then do we realize that Heaven is nigher  
From having heard its clear unspoken call.

There is that lingers on the mortal sense,  
As faint impression of an undertone,  
A still small voice that ever follows whence  
At birth we came an unmarked way alone;  
A voice we hear the same however far  
On life's uncharted ocean waste we roam;  
Heard clearest when there is no sound to mar  
Sweet harmonies of accents as they come,  
And evermore unto our souls they are  
A cordial bidding of our spirits home.

## A LITTLE SONG

A LITTLE song  
Heard from the hedge along  
    The roadside where our way  
Winds up the hill,  
With lapsing trill  
    Cheers the hot, dusty day; —  
That singing low  
Entrances so  
    It charms all sense of weariness away.

A word of cheer  
Heard from a comrade near  
    Amid the din of strife,  
Of spear and shield  
On battle-field  
    With toil and danger rife; —  
That word may mean  
More than we glean  
    From all the discipline of Fate and Life.

## HEART OF SONG

DOWN the noisy, crowded street  
Comes the voice of young girl singing  
Some old pastoral low and sweet  
From Sicilian hill-slopes bringing  
Breath of music that was sung  
In the soft Italian tongue  
When Proserpinè was young,  
Fadeless flowers on Enna springing.

Few the passers-by that care  
For the singing of the maiden,  
Few of all this crowd that share  
Weight with which her heart is laden;  
She, an alien, singing here  
In a voice that's ringing clear, —  
Hardly she keeps back the tear; —  
Lonely soul, true-hearted maiden!

Charm pathetic of her song  
Lies not in the words are spoken,  
Notes of music quavering long  
Are of grief and pain the token;  
Who along the street will say  
As he goes upon his way,  
"Heart of Song is sad to-day  
Because the singer's heart is broken."

## MYSTERY

WHO cannot find  
Within the realm of thought  
Some fit employment of his mind  
On lessons Life has taught,  
Would he be happier, brought  
Whence he might view the whole  
Created universe from pole to pole,  
Or any happier be  
Knowing the secrets of Eternity?

Heaven has revealed  
So much as we need know,  
And wisely from us has concealed  
What is the better so;  
The years will quickly go  
And then it will appear  
For what good purpose we have sojourned here,  
And we at last shall see  
Our faith was grounded fast in mystery.

## HEART SILENCE

WHEN lips are mute, when all the breath is  
spent,

When words are wanting, tears begin to start,  
Then are unspoken feelings eloquent,  
Then are we moved by silence of the heart.

It may be but a look now turned away,  
It may be but the pressure of a hand,  
And yet this tells us more than words can say,  
More than another heart can understand.

Heart silence calls to us from out the past  
In tones of deepest wretchedness and woe,  
The anguish of the Grecian chief will last  
Far as the immortal tale of Troy may go.

As Ariadne watched the lessening sail  
That from her side her faithless husband bore,  
There still is seen a ship to fade and fail  
Nor yet quite vanish from the Naxian shore.

Beyond all limits that our thoughts embrace  
That sympathetic silence softly steals  
Wherever there is given the human race  
A mind that ponders and a heart that feels.



## PLAINSONG

AT peep o' day  
The robin's voice I hear  
Sing blithely gay  
The plainsong of the year,  
And ringing clear  
Join in song-sparrow's short melodious lay.

O morning light  
That comes as joy to me,  
So warm and bright  
And beautiful to see!  
How happy we —  
Birds and myself — to say good-bye to night!

How happy we,  
Each for the other's sake!  
The birds for me  
The utmost pains will take,  
And I will make  
In praise of them my sweetest melody.

## EXCELLENCE OF SONG

**I**T is for gladness that we sing,  
For sorrow that we weep,  
The joys that in our bosom spring —  
Our lips — they cannot keep;  
No more can we command our eyes  
That they hold back the tears that rise,  
The overflow of grief that lies  
Within our being deep.

We can but weep when we are sad,  
When overcome by grief,  
Then let us sing when we are glad  
Although our song be brief;  
It is in nature that we show  
Our keen enjoyment as our woe,  
And give to daily living so  
Its shading and relief.

Life's happy hours fly on apace,  
Her sad ones linger long;  
We meet the glad with shining face,  
To brave the sad are strong;  
Then while we live these pleasant days,  
And while we go these pleasant ways,  
Let all our singing be to praise  
The excellence of song.

## LOVE'S WORLD

LOVE has a world its own  
Outside all other spheres  
In time and space;  
Wherever Love is known,  
There Joy in Life appears  
With sovereign grace.

Love has no limits set  
More than the winds that sweep  
O'er land and sea;  
It runs still farther yet  
Over that vaster deep,  
Eternity;

Will evermore abide  
With living and with dead  
By Heaven-given right;  
As it was given to guide  
Creative Voice that said,  
"Let there be light!"

## TWILIGHT SONG

WITH no pretence of art,  
No thought with other singer to compete,  
The bird sings from his heart  
A song of love and melody complete;  
There are the trills  
Of running rills,  
The full-toned symphonies  
Of winds among the trees; —  
To him who listens, standing just apart,  
The cadence of that song is very sweet.

Most sweet that song to hear  
When day is weary of the hours of light,  
When shades are drawing near  
And vanishes the tired world from sight;  
The starry host  
Are at their post  
A constant guard to keep  
While birds and mortals sleep,  
And one sweet heart that's to the singer dear  
Shall find in that low strain a fond "Good-night."

## THOUGHT AND FEELING

FAR, far away  
Into an unknown land  
With Fancy hand in hand  
Will Thought unthinking stray;  
There would it tarry day and night  
So is it lost in wonder and delight.

But Feeling stays  
About the old hearthstone  
With those were earliest known  
Playmates of childhood days;  
She calls on Memory to bring  
The smile of childish friendship while I sing.

So is it Song  
To later seasons gives  
The best of all that lives  
Through life however long,  
And lengthens out the closing years  
Until a promise of the spring appears.

## OLD SONGS

**T**HE fashion of the world may change,  
And life be cast in other mould,  
But never will those airs grow strange  
To which were sung the songs of old;  
They hymned the praise of warrior bold  
Who perils oft and Death defied,  
In strains of tender feeling told  
Youth's maiden love that never died.

Far off may seem the death of kings  
In battle slain on bloody field,  
But still in minstrel song there rings  
The steely clang of sword and shield;  
In notes triumphant are revealed  
Undying passions of the heart,  
We seem ourselves the brand to wield  
And in the conflict take our part.

Far softer strains than these are heard  
Come floating down the flood of years,  
Wherein with tenderness of word  
Is chiming low the fall of tears,  
In simple melody appears  
The joy, the sorrow of the earth; —  
What flame of fond affection cheers  
The cottager's domestic hearth!

## HEART OF HUMANITY

BE it heart of man or woman,  
Heart of strength, or heart of child,  
"Every human heart is human"  
In the town or in the wild;  
Feels the same insatiate yearning  
For compassion and for love,  
In its hours of trouble turning  
To the pitying Heart above.

Through world shadows dimly seeing,  
Blindly groping e'en by day,  
Conscious that a higher Being  
Leads along a destined way;  
In the gloom of darkest hour  
Stranger in an unknown land,  
Feels the heart a staying power,  
Touch of God's almighty hand.

As that feebleness grows greater  
With the years and what they bring  
So to hand of its Creator  
Closer does the creature cling;  
Certain that through every danger,  
Through the storm and through the night,  
It will lead the weary stranger  
Into rest and into light.

## SILENCE AND SONG

ALL of this happy world around  
Does Morning go with her torch alight,  
And where have gathered the shades profound  
In the long and lonely hours of night,  
There is the day with splendor crowned,  
And the timid phantoms are put to flight.

As the Morning comes with a smiling grace  
And Night in the shadow has lingered long,  
It is easy in one the desire to trace  
In the other to see the purpose strong  
To gain and to hold that charmèd space,  
The meeting-place of Silence and Song.

Night stands with her breathing all a-hush,  
On her dewy lip is her finger laid,  
She would stay the brook in its downward rush,  
If only the waters could be stayed,  
To hear the matin song of the thrush,  
To hear the greetings of Morning made.

And at eventide when the day is done,  
When daylight is fading adown the west,  
When the shadows at draping the hills have begun,  
Have hushed to slumber the brood in the nest,  
Then Silence and Song together as one  
Stand rapt, — twin forms of one soul possessed.



## SONG OF SORROW

WHEN too heavy for the morrow  
Is foreboding in my breast,  
Then I give the note of sorrow  
To a song and it has rest.

Then sinks pain as sink the billows  
When the angry storm is past,  
And the heart its trouble pillows  
On the peace of God at last.

In the soul's high chantry never  
May that music cease to ring,  
Nearer to the Eternal ever  
May it the sad spirit bring;

Leading by the silent river  
Of forgetfulness along  
To the unforgetting Giver  
Of the passion and the song;

And I would my moan of sadness  
Should become a hymn of praise  
Chiming with the notes of gladness  
Which untroubled spirits raise.

## THE LOST SONG

**T**HE notes escape me, I have lost the score  
Of song that once I heard  
In ecstasy of life, sung o'er and o'er  
By an unconscious bird; —  
Unconscious of the sweetness of his voice,  
And only glad he could that way rejoice.

I cannot now recall that simple song  
I heard when I was young,  
But still my heart responds in pulses strong  
To tone in which 'twas sung;  
The thought of what I felt is with me still,  
It moves my soul with just as warm a thrill.

It is not wholly lost, — that woodland song  
That charmed my childish ears,  
Its music has been with me through the long,  
Long flow of lapsing years; —  
Perchance in my own song that song may still  
Be heard as echo from a distant hill.

## IN MEMORY

DEAR Heart of the many years that have fled  
As an evening and morning since we were wed,  
    Were we one in the far-off, bygone years,  
    Or were we apart in separate spheres?  
Ah, could we that mystery know  
    Then were it easy to say  
Whether our lives were happy so  
    And we were content to stay,  
Or whether a mutual longing drew  
    Our feet to this common path of life,  
And I became chosen husband to you  
    And you were my chosen wife.

Dear Heart of the years since first we met  
While the pathway of life with dew was wet,  
    How has the love that with us has gone  
    Kept the wayside fresh and the blossoming on!  
There have been places, indeed,  
    That were steep for a tiresome length,  
But the handclasp, always closer in need,  
    Has been of how wonderful strength! —  
And now when we look to what lies ahead  
    Or backward look to what has been passed,  
We see the whole way with blessings spread, —  
    We pray it be so to the last.

## SONG OF LOVE

**T**O me the thought of childhood brings  
Some idle dream remembered long;  
This Fancy furnishes with wings,  
With pinions wide of sweep and strong,  
Soft downy wings of song.

As brood of full-fledged swallows leaves  
At early morn its homelike nest  
And comes back to the cottage eaves  
From north and south, from east and west,  
At evening to their rest;

As went the dove from friendly hand  
Out over an unbounded sea,  
And, wearied with vain search for land,  
Came to the window wearily,  
My songs return to me.

They all come back but one alone  
Of those I counted at the start,  
The song of love has farthest flown,  
Long since has learned to lodge apart,  
Sing in another heart.

## NATURE'S VOICES

**T**HOUGH mortal lips were mute,  
And dumb the human voice,  
Though silent strings of harp and lute  
Yet would our world rejoice;  
A thousand voices on the wing,  
On bended reed and orchard bough,  
Would still of love and pleasure sing  
As they are singing now.

Earth needs not any skill  
Nor art that we possess  
Wide spaces of her lands to fill  
With song's delightsomeness, —  
Dark pines forevermore repeat  
Their solemn symphony so grand,  
And ocean waves with rhythmic beat  
Fall on responsive sand.

It may be that the trees,  
The grasses and the flowers  
Grow to entrancing melodies  
For finer ears than ours,  
That to all motion everywhere  
Harmonious numbers must belong,  
And every sentient being share  
Sweet ministry of Song.

## THE SINGER'S TASK

**T**HE singer has his task  
Assigned him at his birth,  
'Tis not for him to ask  
Aught different on earth  
But just to try and make his song of all-surpassing  
worth.

The singer has his aim  
That's never lost to sight,  
His object is the same  
As eagle's in its flight; —  
It is that he some time may reach of song the  
greatest height.

The singer has reward  
For all that he may try,  
Wee bit white-daisied sward  
On which, when tired, to lie,  
And, when his last is sung, 'twill bloom between  
him and the sky.

## SHADOWS

THE shadows came and went  
Over dark wooded hills,  
Across far-sloping fields of bent  
And meadow-loving rills;  
How swift were they in flight,  
How quickly were they gone; —  
A glorious pageant to the sight,  
A memory anon!

That was when life was young,  
Just starting on its course,  
Then clouds close round the mountain clung  
Till torn away by force;  
How quickly did they fly  
Woods, fields and waters o'er!  
The shadows passed and left the sky  
As it had been before.

But now the shadows stay,  
They close the scene around,  
Shut out the pleasant light of day  
In mystery profound;  
That veil will never lift  
Along the horizon line  
Nor will it ever show a rift  
Through which the sun may shine.

## SONGS AND SINGER

FROM the cloudlands far astray,  
Through the pine-tops going,  
With the poplar leaves at play,  
Summer winds are blowing;  
Of the passing winds we know  
From the leaves' revealing  
In a music soft and low  
Their mysteries of feeling.

Winds the slowly eddying stream  
Through the grassy meadow,  
Silently as in a dream  
Comes and goes a shadow;  
To the reeds the eddies bring  
Audibly a shiver,  
Low the flaggy sedges sing  
The longing of the river.

Thus it is that every breeze,  
Every stream that passes,  
Wakes the music of the trees,  
Voice of tender grasses;  
And thus we find it, you and I,  
With the songs and singer, —  
He, the singer, passeth by,  
The songs, the songs, — they linger.



## ALL ENDS IN SONG

ALL ends in song,  
Whether it be of pain  
Or of woe the stifled moan,  
A sad lament for the slain  
Or of the wounded a groan;  
Be it weak or strong,  
Be it short or long,  
At last must the mournful strain  
Fall to an undertone,  
And out of the notes again  
As a flower newly blown  
Arise a song.

All ends in song,  
Whether it be for the right  
Is the shout of victory,  
For the glory of the light  
The people's praise may be,  
Or it be the wrong  
Upheld by the throng,  
Soon must that tumult cease,  
The din of faction end,  
And the low sweet notes of peace  
Harmoniously blend  
Into a song.

## AFTER THE SONG

ONLY a low sweet note  
After the song is done,  
A call from the sparrow's throat,  
Made to her little one;  
Only a cloud afloat  
Between me and the sun,  
And a cloud shadow remote  
Over the fields to run.

All that is left to me  
Of the glory of the year,  
Of the tender sympathy  
With Summer's smile and tear,  
Is the glorious memory  
Remaining to me dear  
Of what I was glad to see  
And of what I was glad to hear.

Now that the song is done,  
Now that the pageant is past,  
There's a shadow in the sun  
On the way before us cast;  
Now the call to the little one  
Is heard in a silence vast;  
The course of life is run,  
It is rest and slumber at last.

## THE LYRE UNSTRUNG

SWEET are the songs that are as yet unsung,  
That are composed without or note or word,  
Whose rhythm has never flowed from mortal tongue  
Nor has it yet by mortal ear been heard;  
Sweet are the songs that blend the harmonies  
Of human life with Nature's gentle course  
As this runs on through long eternities  
To end remote as is its unknown source.

Sweet are the songs that linger long behind,  
That wait a happier time to come to birth,  
That sometimes visiting the poet's mind  
Help him interpret voices of the earth;  
With strain ecstatic and with magic word,  
Will come at times an even softer note  
By which the souls of listeners are stirred, —  
It comes as from the heart, not from the throat.

As when one hears the warbling of a bird  
So high aloft the songster is not seen  
One gathers easily from what is heard  
The rapture of delight those warblings mean;  
So will there come unto the thoughts of men  
Reverberations from what has been sung,  
These will they hear with deeper rapture when  
The voice is silent and the lyre unstrung.

## AT THE END

AFTER a long, rough road is passed,  
The weary pilgrim comes at last  
Unto his journey's end, and there  
He finds all toil and trouble cease,  
A room prepared for him with care, —  
The name of that is peace.

Its windows look out towards the morn,  
To where the morrow will be born;  
He turns his face that way, and keeps  
A patient hope within his breast;  
And as a cradled infant sleeps  
The pilgrim takes his rest.

The hours of that last night will run,  
The stars will go out one by one,  
The sun above the hills will rise  
Day break the eastern ridge along,  
And he, regaining Paradise,  
Will waken with a song.

## THE LAST GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE, dear Heart, for one short season  
only,

The summer of our year;  
To me, when I am far away and lonely,  
How long must it appear!

At night my soul in dreams will be returning  
Along the lengthening way,  
And altar-fires of my heart keep burning,  
Rekindled day by day.

Good-bye; — again must farewell word be spoken,  
Our hands must clasp anew,  
And lips be pressed to waiting lips in token  
The heart is always true.

Now must it be for Memory to treasure  
Through weary hours and long  
The last fond word until in cadenced measure  
'Tis woven into song.

Good-bye, — the word by us is often needed  
Long as we sojourn here;  
Where it with greetings glad is superseded  
Will be most blessèd sphere.

## APOLOGY

AS artist soul, when artist hand has failed  
Some fleeting dream of beauty to express,  
Will feel aggrieved to see at length unveiled  
More rapturous vision yet of loveliness,

Will feel the utter helplessness of Art —  
Handmaiden she in service of his kind —  
How slight her skill, her power to impart  
To others' thought the thought that holds his  
mind;

As idle player, piping at his ease  
Some simple ditty of a country love,  
Will find that theme familiar fail to please  
When sound the winds through laurel boughs  
above,

Will find his heart respond to loftier strain,  
To pæans chanted after victory won,  
To hymns in honor of heroic slain  
Whose praises through the lengthening ages run;

So must the poet, in his vain despair,  
Grieve that his art can serve his thought but ill,  
That let him touch the keys with utmost care  
Sounds to his soul diviner music still.

## FOR SORRY HEART

“ For sorry herte I may not tellen more.”

CHAUCER

**B**ECAUSE my heart is sore  
My lips may tell no more  
What they have told;  
The brands are burning lower,  
Live shadows creep the floor,  
The room grows cold.

We have been busy long  
In ballad and in song  
With stories old;  
Stories that tell of wrong,  
Oppressions of the strong,  
Adventures bold.

Now will we say “ Good-night,”  
Take each his taper light; —  
The tale is told;  
We turn to visions bright  
Which to the inner sight  
Do dreams unfold.

## HAVE THOU GOOD-NIGHT!

HAVE thou good-night! the fading light  
Goes with the setting of the sun,  
The stars come forward one by one  
To hold their watch; — have thou good-night!

Have thou good-night! the heron's flight  
Sinks low adown the western sky  
Into the dim obscurity  
Of evening dusk; — have thou good-night!

Have thou good-night! beyond the sight  
Of mortal eye the heavens brood  
Above a vast infinitude  
Of other worlds; — have thou good-night!

Have thou good-night! the day is bright  
Where it has gone into the west  
To give our weary world its rest, —  
'Twill come again; — have thou good-night!

Have thou good-night! let dreams delight  
With their enchanting visions brought  
To greet the early-waking thought  
Of him who prays, "Have thou good-night!"



## THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT

WITH lighted lamp held in her ready hand,  
One foot now resting on the upper stair,  
Does our retiring friend yet lingering stand  
As if delayed by haunting memories there;  
Again she slowly turns with thoughtful air  
Her features half in shadow, half in light,  
And while her lips a smile of sweetness wear,  
She bids her fellow-guests a fond "Good-night."

We who with her have formed a circle here  
Before the fire of life, now burning low,  
We draw our chairs together yet more near  
And watch the embers in their dying glow;  
The burning brands that waste to ashes so  
From time to time flash into blazing bright  
As each guest, rising up, prepares to go  
And from the upper stair sends back "Good-night."

To good-night wishes from withdrawing guest  
"Have thou good-night," our own hearts make  
reply,  
Although they are with heavy thoughts oppressed,  
And though the voice be burdened with a sigh;  
Though swelling tears may overflow the eye  
And words sink down to broken sobs of sorrow,  
The sobs will hush again, the tears will dry  
When we are greeted with a glad "Good-morrow."

## FINIS

**B**EAR up, dear Heart of mine, sore burdened  
with sorrow! —

Though dreary may be the day,  
Though weary may be the way  
It shall lead thee at length into a blissful morrow.

Elated the heart should be that 'tis mounting  
higher; —

Though the feet of the wayfarer go  
On their pilgrimage painfully slow  
Yet shall the heart at last attain to the heart's  
desire.

What though a mountain may rise rugged and  
broken! —

Look higher yet — to the skies,  
Watch the course of the stars as they rise; —  
The stars that are of Heaven's own steadfastness  
the token.

As higher and higher we mount into an air that is  
clearer,

The more of our road traveled o'er  
The less of it's lying before,  
And day by day do our peace and our rest draw  
nearer.

So do we read of our life the eventful story,  
Turning the leaves one by one,  
And, the simple chapters all done,  
Finding "Finis" printed in gold 'neath a crown of  
glory.

FINIS OPUS CORONAT









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